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THE PINNACLE

AND

Other Kentucky Mountain Poems







PINNACLE MOUNTAIN, CUMBERLAND GAP

THE PINNACLE  
AND  
Other Kentucky Mountain Poems

By  
HENRY HARVEY FUSON



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ms. 1

To My Daughter

RUTH MAURINE FUSON

Who has always taken a lively interest  
in these poems.



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## THE CALL OF THE HILLS

\* \* \* \* \*

"The green hills whisper all the time  
Across the distance life has set,  
A subtle call that swings in rhyme  
No rhymers ever captured yet,  
A song that one may not forget.

"The green hills—aye, they have a song  
That none may fashion into words;  
Now faintly soft, now surging strong,  
Now blended melody of birds  
And eve calls of the lowing herds.

"So in my dreams I wander still  
To where the little path is flung  
From vale to vale and hill to hill,  
The nodding, drowsing blooms among—  
Where that clear call is given tongue.

\* \* \* \* \*

W. D. N., *Chicago Tribune*



## WHY THESE POEMS?

So woven is the essence of mountains  
In fabric of my dreams,  
So sparkling pure are the bubbling fountains  
By quiet rippling streams,  
That compensate nature's true law I must,  
By writing here in time  
What has become to me a sacred trust,  
Extolling thoughts in rhyme.

12-12-20



I.  
FOLK-LORE



## SWIFT'S SILVER MINE

Swift's Silver Mine;—  
A will-o'-the-wisp fine,  
Left in a heroic age  
For speculation of the sage  
Of reason bereft?

Nay, my friend, not so.  
For tradition says, years ago  
Swift from Virginia came  
To these wilds of oak and cane,  
At his own behest.

He unlocked the hills fine  
And brought from the mine  
A million tons and more  
Of the finest silver ore  
To add to his wealth.

His furnace, a large kettle  
Of the rarest metal,  
Was used to smelt the ore,  
Till he had wealth the more  
To cheer his health.

By the Indians frightened,  
With fears of war heighten'd,  
He hid the silver under a tree  
In the great kettle, oh me,  
Just under the hill.

Marked he the trees around  
With arrows above the ground  
Pointing to the buried treasure,  
Seemingly a reckless measure  
For a man with a will.

Far, far away he went  
Taking nothing, not a cent,  
To await the time and day  
When he should return, aye,  
To get his riches.

Time was long ; he is old,  
And comes with step not bold  
To search for the place  
In the hills' broad space,  
In turns and niches.

But the marks on the trees  
Are effaced, and he sees  
No trace of his treasure there.  
Though he search with care  
He finds no metal.

He went away and died,  
And the daring Indians shied  
At the coming white men more.  
They ceased to chase the boar  
And found no kettle.

White men flecked the valleys  
With towns, with streets and alleys;  
They climbed the hills high  
And strove without a sigh  
To found a new home.

But the story of Swift's mine  
Came to them in due time,  
And caused them to search  
Where the birds of prey perch  
For the treasure home.

And so it was surely found  
Just half way down  
On the bench of the mountain,  
Close beside a flowing fountain  
Under the tree.

The marks are very plain,  
The way they point the same.  
So home they quietly turn,  
With fervent desire they burn  
To return to the tree.

They must let no one know.  
So on a dark night they go,  
While the winds moan and blow  
And the owls hoot low  
To instill fear.

They whisper very low  
And dig and dig just so  
Till the weary hours of night,  
When, there! What a fright!  
Comes so near!

There are moaning sounds  
That come in rounds  
With groanings like the dying;  
And flappings like the flying  
Of wings unseen.

They stop and stand in fright  
At sounds like these at night;  
But nearer, nearer they tread  
With wailings like the dead,  
I ween.

The fearful noises cease,  
The work's speed they increase;  
They have most reached the treasure,  
When the Inferno in full measure  
Is turned loose.

The monster dog at the gate  
Plunges and growls with hate,  
And the boatman curses his oar  
As he rushes the black water o'er  
To slip the noose.

Friends rave in their madness,  
Women weep in their sadness,  
Men shriek their hate,  
While Satan cries, "Too late,  
Too late, too late."

Then out goes the light,  
The owl hoots his delight,  
The panther screams near,  
While the men leap from fear  
And leave all to fate.

They never returned here  
Because of the awful fear.  
Now ever remember true  
That the Fates will keep you  
From the treasure so.

True. Yes, you may believe,  
For there's a Journal to relieve  
Any doubts you may retain.  
Swift let this Journal remain  
With Mrs. Renfro

Who lived by Cumb'land Ford  
After Boone had come toward  
This place from the Gap.  
Not knowing this you 're apt  
To question the source,

Which describes without amiss  
All the marks that lead to this  
Treasure, and the route they took  
When they came to look  
For the course.

4-11-18

II.  
SONGS OF EMOTION



## O SOUL DIVINE

O soul divine!  
Large conception of human mind.  
Down the ages  
Hast thou been sung by the sages  
Of ev'ry land.

O soul divine!  
Out of the wreckage of time  
Didst thou emerge,  
Hurried on by that divine urge  
Of truth at hand.

O soul divine!  
Released from a secret star of time,  
To utmost bounds  
Of earth and sky and Heaven's rounds  
Dost thou fly still.

O soul divine!  
Thou who dost dwell in the heart-shrine  
Of man secure,  
To thee, the God in man so pure,  
We bow the will.

## THE BURDENED SOUL

### I

The heaving heart of a burdened soul  
Looks out on a dreary world.  
No beauty is there, no sure sign of the goal,  
In the downpour of rain, in the mad whirl  
Of the waters down the roaring hill,  
In the monster mountain rising amid the gloom,  
In the bare trees of the forest by the hill,  
Or in the dark clouds over all, with no boon,  
Like some dire omen ill  
From out Heaven's abyss—a pall soon  
That o'er the troubled earth hangs.  
What to this soul are these in his sore distress?  
Symbols are they only of the aching pangs,  
And gloom of soul, from which they have no egress.  
What to him are the Kings who feel not the pangs  
Of wrongs for which they can obtain redress?  
What to him the Rich who know no want  
Unless it be that of soul which knows it not?  
What to him the Proud who flaunt  
Their gayety before the world? And for what?  
What to him the Cruel who obtain their power  
By means of might and blood alone?  
What to him the Pretending-Meek who, in their hour,  
Submit to the ruthlessness they have sown?

What to him, here now in this sad hour,  
Are the deeds of men, the race of favored men,  
Who have gone from power, ever to more power,  
In the race for triumph without end.

## II

Stands the soul naked before the Presence Unseen,  
With no power to rise to any commanding position,  
Held up to the scorn of men, and hated, it seem,  
Because the uncontrolled circumstances of his condition

Have made it so, without sufficient means  
To buy even those things that sustain healthy life,  
While his just pride of soul, thru unfair means,  
Trails in the dust of an uncompromising strife.  
Will God forsake the soul in this destitution?  
Can poverty of purse, mind and soul be overcome?  
In all the Universe is there any restitution  
For the downtrodden soul? Not one?  
By these questions the soul is not made free,  
Nor can he find in himself, or in the world about him,  
The means to this end to make him free,  
Or the power to throw off this weight from him.  
So, in the quiet hours of the evening twilight,  
When the Goddess of Night folds her robes about her,  
And earth's creatures find repose for the night,  
Amid the impressive silence, with not even a stir,  
He seeks the great dark wood under the mountain,

And gropes his way among the trunks of the trees  
To the depth of the wood beyond a dark fountain.  
Here, looking all about, he falls upon his knees  
And cries out to God to provide a light  
To flash the way to the pure fountain of his desire,  
Where he can be delivered from the terrible plight  
In which he finds himself, fighting the mad fire.  
Then he prayeth: "O Lord, dear God, our God!  
Thou didst deliver the Children of Israel of old  
Thru Mosès, their leader, with his rod,  
Out of bondage, to the promised land of gold.  
Now Lord, dear Lord, unburden this heart of mine  
That I may of this bondage be set free, when,  
In Thy name, I go forth, in due time,  
To conquer the Destiny that binds me. Amen."

### III

Then uprises the soul from the silent earth,  
More than ever impressed by the silence and gloom  
about.  
The change has been wrought, of freedom, a new birth  
Of calm and light within, no sage should ever flout.  
Like Prometheus of the olden time,  
Who suffered all the agony the great can feel,  
In the name of that Will and Power to suffer betime,  
He rises in his might, upon his face the victor's seal,  
Against the whirling mad powers of the hour,  
Defies them, and bids them do their worst.

Then flapping wings unseen beat down from the tower  
 Of trees overhead; rumbling noises burst,  
 Run along the earth, and ascend toward the hill;  
 And a splash in the Lethean waters near  
 Brings terrible dread, but nothing that bodes ill.  
 The Harpies of the night beat upon his body here,  
 In their fury, and cover him with their stench;  
 The Dragons of the earth roar around him in the gloom,  
 Causing his hair to rise and his hand to clench;  
 And the Old Man of the Sea tries to bind him soon  
 With a spell from which he cannot escape.  
 These hideous powers strive with him in vain;  
 He parries their blows, every advantage to take;  
 He harries them to their woe; they are slain.  
 Then all besmeared, polluted, with the blood  
 Of the slain upon him, he hastens from the dark  
     night of his woe  
 To greet the dawn's new day uprising, with a flood  
 Of crimson spray overflowing the horizon. "O—  
 O glorious dawn! O great deliverance! O happy day  
 That finds this soul triumphant on this morn!  
 Hail, noble powers of the earth! Hail! And with  
     me away  
 To the famous realms of the Golden Horn.  
 Hail, great powers of the air! Hail! Carry me on  
     pinions  
 Of flaming light to Merlin's kingdom so fair.  
 Hail, sweet messengers of Heaven! Hail! May thy  
     minions  
 Lead the way to thy fair Elysian Fields there.

Then the trident of the deep to him is passed,  
Flaming wings to sweep the air are at his command;  
A reed is taken from beside the road. He blows a  
blast  
That causes the reed to tremble in his hand.  
To the uttermost parts of the earth the message flies,  
Proclaiming to the world the glorified state—  
Beneath fair, auspicious skies—  
Of the burdened soul's sure postulate.

10-27-18

## THE UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

“The statue of destiny casts a huge shadow over the valley, which it seems to enshroud in gloom; but this shadow has clearest outline for such as look down from the mountain. We are born, it may be, with the shadow upon us; but to many men it is granted to emerge from beneath it.”—*Maeterlinck*.

O Destiny! O Destiny! Why thy hold  
On the aspirations of men manifold?  
Answer! Answer! Ere I more bold  
Tear the leaves from thy sacred scroll!  
I preach the triumph of the Unconquerable Soul!

Down! Down! To Perdition's awful state  
Bound by the chains of thine own weight!  
Brood over thy grievous wrongs in hate!  
For thy conqueror more elate  
Moves on swifter than thought or fate!

The Soul that rose when Nineveh fell,  
And went crying thru the earth a spell  
When her crumbling walls shook and fell,  
Giving to the wicked city a death-knell  
That sent an echo down the corridors of Hell,

Winged his way over the Mediaeval night,  
Came forth from dark Revolution's fight,  
Sang songs with Cromwell's men of might,  
And appeared to the Shepherds in the light  
On the Judean Hills that eventful night.

That rose on the ruins of Rome that day,  
Came flying from the shores of Greece away  
When that nation went down to decay;  
Crossed the expanse of Time to our day,  
There to abide in secure triumph always.

The Unconquerable Soul! Versatile, the same!  
Moving onward surer than Destiny's aim  
To conquer Death and the Grave in His name,  
And rise triumphant in the glowing flame  
Superior to Destiny in most persistent claim!

7-30-18

## PEACE! SWEET PEACE!

“And herein are we shown once again that the human soul is a plant of matchless unity, whose branches, when the hour is come, all burst into blossom together.”—*Maeterlinck*.

Out of the darkness of the swift-flying night,  
With wings aglow with flaming light,  
Down, down the ministering Angel flies  
From out the over-burdened skies,  
To the stricken soul lying prostrate.

Like the gentlest breeze that blows,  
Or the stillest current that flows,  
Or the gentlest ray of light that shines,  
Or the quietest thought expression never finds,  
He delivers Heaven's sure postulate.

And to free the soul from burden ere the morn  
Walks from head to foot the helpless form,  
Which rises in the might of His power  
To witness triumph over Destiny's hour  
In the newfound freedom that knows a choice.

The silent trees take on a lovelier hue,  
The impending sky shows a bluer blue,  
The hills are aflame in the glowing sun,  
The streams sweetly sing of the victory won,  
At the vibrant thrill of this quiet voice.

Brothers! Brothers now! Are the race of men!  
He would to the rescue of all come then!  
That his fellows, even the humblest, might share  
The joy his heart has now found there—  
A joy recorded only in the Sacred Book of old.

Heaven then floods the soul to the fill  
With a joy unspeakable to the will;  
The Heavenly Choir burst forth in glad song  
At the triumph of a soul freed from wrong,  
And a Voice speaks peace! Sweet peace! To the soul.

7-22-18

## THE DEAD KNIGHT

Wrapt is the broad crest of the mountain round  
With the snows of primeval winter there;  
Hushed are the little voices of the ground,  
Stillness stands frozen in the icy air.

Sitting by the dark trunk of a giant tree,  
With no thought of the world's onward sweep,  
O'er thee a snowy forest of boughs, I see  
Thee in resigned beauty dressed—asleep.

Folded are thy hands o'er a furry robe,  
With drawn knees against a silent breast;  
With bowed head like in silent thought to probe  
The mysteries that lie in a state of rest.

The gun at thy side, the great forest bound  
By the snows of primeval winter fair,  
And the days of search before thou wert found  
Tell of the age in which thou lived to dare.

Truly thou wert of that far-seeing band  
Of heroic men who with Boone onward came  
To build in a fair and promising land  
A state that should have enduring fame.

Great art thou in death, most noble Knight,  
For thou wert one of the builders rare  
Of Freedom's cause, which sprang from the dark  
night  
Of its woe, to shed light on the race fair.

Fitting is thy death, too, O great Knight,  
For thou didst depart to the Great Beyond  
Amid the lone forest thou didst with thy might  
Help to conquer, for the cause to you so fond.

No stone now marks thy final resting place,  
Silent trees stand sentinel above thee;  
But an army of descendants with bold pace  
Are pressing forward to honor thee.

Rest, O great Knight, in our faith secure,  
That we of this time may battle again  
For the cause that, for men, will endure,  
The cause that keeps forever free all men.

9-25-19

## SPIRIT OR MAN-GOD

"Spirit," says I.  
"God," says he.  
Then I ask, "Why  
Not spirit for thee?"  
Now slowly he replies,  
"Since the creation of men  
God ever applies  
To the name of Deity—Amen!"  
"But, is not God a spirit,  
And they that worship Him  
Must do so with true merit  
Of truth without a whim?"  
He replies, "Is not God God,  
For we hear the Word say  
That Aaron took up his rod  
And called to God as he pray."

"God is what to you then?"  
"God is the Super-Man King  
Who sits on the thrones of Angels and men  
And holds sway over all that sing.  
His subjects bow the knee,  
And sing and pray alway;  
Cry hozannah with me  
To the Lord of Hosts today."

"But does this not make  
God a Super-Being like Jove  
Of the Greeks, or the fake  
Jupiter of the Romans, who strove  
To fasten on mankind gods  
Many of every kind?"

"But," replies he, "Christ plods  
Over the earth, healing the blind,  
In Man-Form, does he not?"

"True, but does this prove  
God to be a Super-Man? What?  
Because the spirit was made flesh,  
Does it hold true  
That God is only Super-Man?  
What say you?

Answer if you can.  
Is not God rather a spirit  
With no form or face?  
Hasn't He the true merit  
Of occupying all space?  
Is He not in your heart and mind  
The same as on a Throne above?  
Is He not all present in time  
And omniscient in all love?"

Spirit divine, in power shine  
Thruout space, time and Eternity.  
Wield thy power sublime  
For the welding of men into one fraternity.  
Over all thou art,

And over all thou ever wilt be,  
With power to touch the heart  
Of him who but seeks thee.  
Soul, call to Him who art nigh  
To every creature of the wide earth;  
Call not Him from on high  
When thou seekest the New Birth.

10-13-18

## THE WONDERFUL TREE

Stands the big tree, with his branches spreading wide,  
Just where the road rises to the crest of the hill.  
Commands he here a view of the whole countryside:  
Of rounded peaks that rise toward the sky with a will,  
Of broad valleys that spread far away in the distance,  
With their streams meandering amid stretches of  
    green,  
Of towns that have been founded with no show of  
    resistance,  
And of the glowing sun to awake in him the mighty  
    dream.

When darkness descends on the earth from out the  
    Unseen,  
Quietly gathering his hosts along the streams in the  
    valleys,  
He marshals them for sallies to the higher regions  
    between.  
Then the gentle summer breezes move to quivering  
    the leaves,  
The overarching sky is filled with myriad stars in  
    position,  
The big moon peers from behind the long fringe of  
    trees,  
On the mountain's crest, and the universe, in transi-  
    tion,  
Lies in happy contentment about this tree in the  
    breeze.

But, behold what a transformation worketh this  
dream!

The slain Ymir rises God-like on the glowing scene!  
Higher, higher, and yet higher, rises the mighty tree!  
The branches lift and spread over the space between  
Earth and sky, till, Ygdrasil-like, they shoulder out  
the sky,  
Free from Time, the avenger, and the swift-moving  
tide!

To the heart of the earth descend the roots nearby  
To the end that this soul of the universe may abide.

Be the shelter and inspiration for the thoughts of all  
men:

Assemble the Artisans of trade from the domain of  
the Powers

That they may mingle with the Prophets of the New  
Birth then;

Let the poets, with their clarified vision, multiply the  
hours

They spend here; bring the Teachers of mankind, in  
their turn,

That they may drink of the cup of wisdom that ever  
flowers,

In love, for the admiration of the race; let them learn,  
One and all, that Destiny gives way to larger plans of  
ours.

10-19-18

## TO SUE

The dearest friend on this earth  
That to me was ever given,  
Has taken her flight from earth  
And has gone up to Heaven;  
There to remain with the Son of Man  
As long as the ages last,  
And longer still after we have heard  
Gabriel's trumpet blast.

If I could only see her again,  
It would be my delight  
To tell her that I loved her  
In our struggle for the right;  
But that privilege, tho much desired,  
Can never come to mortal man,  
So my only hope is to meet her  
In that heavenly land.

"If I never see you again, dear,  
Meet me in the world beyond,"  
Where there is no sorrow to trouble us,  
No weeping around the throne;

Where there is no darkness to cloud the vision,  
No light but the Son;  
Where ages upon top of ages have passed  
And many victories won.

"Yes, I'll meet you there,"  
Is my pledge, strong and true;  
For there we shall never part,  
Nor say goodbye, gentle Sue;  
There we shall worship together forever  
With the redeemed of God,  
And never be compelled to travel  
The road we once trod.

## OUT OF THE DARK VALLEY

Dark is the valley I travel thru,  
No light to be seen anywhere 't is true.  
Strange, dark objects pass to and fro;  
Wandering around I know not where I go.  
Over dry bones that rattle I stumble  
And hear hideous low noises that rumble.  
An icy shiver shakes my frame  
And springs into my being a terror without a name.  
Then suddenly from an unseen hand  
A robe is thrown about my shoulders, and,

In the glow of warmth that from the robe comes,  
A vision appears out of the darkness glum:  
Smiling faces of many children, plain to view,  
With chubby hands that beckon to you,  
Surrounded by a halo of hazy light.  
Leaving behind the chill, the gloom, noises affright,

I follow the vision up the slope of the hill,  
Where, halfway up, I come to an arched doorway and  
a sill  
That opens into the interior of the hill. The door  
opens wide  
And I am admitted to a great hall inside.  
“What can I do for you, my friend?”  
Our services are at your command without end,”  
Says the doorkeeper to me. “I hardly know;  
It is all so strange,” said I, aglow  
With the warmth that met me there.

Then slowly I walk thru a hall wide and fair,  
Into which other halls lead,  
Lined with many rooms that plead  
With the weary to rest themselves awhile.  
While I thus walk, a servant meets me with a smile,  
And asks, “Would you rest in the room across the  
way?”  
I follow her lead and hear her say:  
“Lie quiet; sleep and rest are the best;  
You need to grow strong for life’s further test.”

Amid all the perfume of sweet-smelling flowers  
That beguile the slow-moving hours  
I rest and sleep time and time again  
I know not how many days, how many weeks, then,  
On a certain day, they bring me to a stair,  
Just in the center of the hill there;

And up the stairway I climb into the upper air.  
I behold a morn on that hilltop so fair  
That Paradise seems to be loosed on earth again,  
Returning its pristine glory to men.  
A bird carols the sweetest song I ever heard,  
The sheep graze on the slope of the hill—a herd,  
The dew sparkles in the rising sun,  
And the world overflows with goodnesses that run  
Like sweet rivers of living water then  
Thru the glad forests and fresh meadows of men  
To the broad expanse of the immaculate sea.  
On this morn and in this mood I am free,  
Feeling again the strong pulse of the tide of life  
Singing thru my veins, making them rife  
With the good old feeling of renewed life again,  
Ready to do an humble part in the race without end.

2-21-21

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MOB

### I

I see a world of swamp by a world of sea,  
And an island far out in the swamp by the sea  
Like a dark speck against the sky back of it;  
Then mists and gloom that obscure the whole of it,  
As if swamp and sea have been rolled up  
And lost in the dark vapors rising up  
From foul swamp and wastes of that terrible sea.  
A low rumble thru the mists comes to me  
Out of this strange sea of darkness and gloom—  
A portentous rumble like the stroke of doom  
To the creatures of earth in peaceful state—  
One that augurs for humanity a very sad fate.

### II

Again at the first flush of the dawn of a new day,  
I come to this wide swamp in hunter's best array  
With my comrades in all most surely three.  
The disk of the sun is just rising out of the sea  
On the other side of the world opposite me  
And these comrades who number only three;  
The mists hang over the swamp and obscure the sun,  
And our boat down the hollow of a stream does slowly  
run.

Thru the wide reaches of the swamp we make our way,  
Till, long after, not very far out of our way,  
We see the outlines of this island by the sea.  
My comrades, wishing to explore the isle, say to me,  
"Draw near this isle that we may see the more  
What we have surely never seen before."  
Thru the mist it looms so very large  
That it seems a continent floating as a barge;  
But on drawing nearer that we may explore  
We see a sight that causes us to wonder the more.  
There on the shore of this isle lies, on leafy bed,  
With the mist-laden treetops overhead,  
A giant, more terrible than the fabled monsters of old,  
The sight of which makes our blood run cold.  
While we lie in our boat behind the reeds,  
He stands up, shakes himself, looks over the reeds.  
We hold our breath and think not of a gun  
(Had we a chance we should most assuredly run).  
There he stands as tall as four men, or small tree,  
With huge body, bulky in the extreme, dreadful to see;  
Long hair covers his body from foot to head  
And hangs about his shoulders down from the head;  
Great teeth, the length of the hand of man, has he,  
With eyes most terrible as they appear to me.  
He stands erect on his feet like that of any man  
And has long claws on his feet and on each hand.  
Slowly he turns and lumbers thru the forest dark  
While we hurry away in our small bark.

### III

On our return, when we tell what we have seen,  
People look at us as if they do not know what we  
mean;

And the oldest men know naught of our report  
Save what they have heard by former report,  
That a fearful monster, Bulbo by name,  
Long ago dwelt in this swamp—the same  
Of which we speak—but they feel sure no man  
So far as they now know, or have heard, can  
Give any account of ever having seen him.  
They are much surprised at this account of him,  
But remember that a tale has been told  
That he once stirred the savage spirits of men bold,  
Causing them to unite and destroy their fellowmen—  
A story almost forgot but now remembered again.  
They know not if this be Bulbo they describe,  
But, from what they tell, he must be of that tribe.  
They fear that the legend of old may prove true  
And that some dire calamity may come as their due.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then mists begin to drift in toward the land  
From out the foul swamp and dreadful strand,  
And to spread themselves over the land far and wide  
Like a swift moving wind or fast flowing tide.  
These foul-laden mists fill all the air  
And stir to rage many people everywhere.

These men forget all the work of the hour  
And turn their mad energies into evil power;  
And forget all lawful principles of the race  
In their determination to wipe out the disgrace.  
Now rumors begin to rise and run wild,  
That a fiend has stricken down a helpless child;  
The men gather in groups here and there, talking low  
Amid the mists that obscure them and cause the woe;  
And from group to group the word fast flies,  
Like the swiftest, softest wing that flies,  
That Bulbo, the true Spirit of the Mob,  
Is abroad, with vengeance in his eyes—no sob,  
And that he seeks by lawless means the blood  
Of Human Beings, and will overwhelm by a flood  
Of savage rage the upholders of the law.  
Group moves together with group with hardly a flaw  
In the plan of this Savage Spirit, and, without justice,  
Under the very shadow of the Temple of Justice,  
Erected by the strongest impulse of man,  
They assemble their mad hosts for a stand.

#### IV

Before the Temple the upholders of the law stand,  
Clothed with the mantle of authority from freeman's  
hand,  
And armed with trusty instruments more bold  
Which are to secure freemen in their stronghold.  
For out in front the Mob sways to and fro,  
With quiet savage determination all the show,

Like the angry waves of the turbulent sea;  
And against the Temple bars laps wave on wave,  
With a low murmur like distant sound in a cave.  
Suddenly from out this mass of maddened men  
There rises the fearful figure of Bulbo again,  
Towering far above the tallest of his men;  
And with a rush he leads forward his men  
Against the Temple held firm by the law's hand,  
Where men to do and die have taken their stand.  
Up the Temple steps in solid mass they rush,  
With a look of sure triumph in the first flush;  
But a command, a flash, flash, from the guns,  
And Bulbo, with his maddened men, turns  
And disappears, as he had come, amid the gloom,  
Leaving the dead and wounded in the gloom.

## V

The hand of Justice has been upheld on this day;  
The evil Spirit of the Mob has fled away  
To his foul swamp and fearful sea—  
To his home on the misty island by the sea;  
And men once more go home to see  
That they have still upheld their right to be free.

4-23-21

III.  
DESCRIPTIVE



## THE VALLEY OF THE BRAE

I know the valley of the Brae  
With its winding stream, the Vree;  
I know the hills near and far away,  
The hills that rise up to speak to me.  
Over these hills I go  
In the bright May morn,  
Keeping time to their spirit so,  
And to the music of the distant horn.  
I hunt the game on upland near  
And fish in the stream's clear pools;  
I seek the forests shady groves to hear  
The gladsome song that ever rules  
The spirit of this forest-world, so free.  
What melody, what joy, what love!  
What freedom, what beauty to see!  
O God! Come from the forest-roof above,  
From below and all around in hollow dell,  
From rugged cliff and deep ravine,  
From darkest caves and trees that fell,  
From clear, cool waters that flow between  
Silent hills to the far-off sea!

Humbre, a flat mountain, extends  
Along the southern side of this valley,  
Famed for a century, with now no amends,  
For its forest, the hunters' rally.

Here on the lower end a peak uprises  
From the plain of the mountain's crest,  
And below a narrow farm, with surprises,  
Lies in the lap of the hill at rest.  
Here the sun, like a ball of blood,  
Drops behind the distant mountain  
Into a mysterious sea-flood.  
And springs again from a golden fountain,  
More glorious than the Aurora of art,  
And swings among the worlds anew  
With power to touch their heart.  
I see the path wind by the Skew,  
Around this peak and down the slope.  
And on and on it goes without end  
Just like that strange thing, hope,  
That flares up to stay in the hearts of men.  
It winds below to the orchard in the cove  
Where my friend, the ditch-digger, lives.  
He will welcome you as did Jove,  
For out of his goodness himself he gives.  
His sign is marked in his lower lip,  
And it is the opinion of the children near  
That a man cannot as a ditch-digger sip  
The joy of labor without this mark here.  
And on to the fork of the road there  
Where the farmer-merchant gives  
His advice to the youth aspiring fair,  
And bids him God-speed while he lives.  
Hail to this man of daring truth!  
Long may he live ere the Great Day!

As the guider of the feet of youth  
He then is sure to receive just pay!  
On to the watermill by the road  
Where the road makes a sweeping turn  
To follow the rushing rill's abode,  
And the waters that from pool to pool churn.  
Here the dusty miller takes his toll  
And grinds and grinds the livelong day;  
While the youths vault on the pole  
And forget their homes far away.  
Up the narrow stream for a half-mile  
And we come to a cabin under the hills,  
Where a daring youth waits awhile  
For a quick dash along the rills.  
No prodigy he, nor Hercules or saint,  
But only a youth with sublime faith—  
One who does not faint  
Under dire poverty's throny wraith.  
He toils by day, and toils by night,  
And prays for just one fair chance  
To succeed in the unequal fight  
(Which he will have, perchance).  
Such an ambition, I am told, had he  
To rise to the upward height  
That he never thought sacrificed he could be  
In the upward lift to the light.  
But such is the story I hear true,  
That he married a woman spy  
Who would have, doubtless, wrecked you  
But only made him reason why.

He passed her by  
And married another, who became  
The companion he sought with a sigh  
To help him earn that fair name.  
With the patience of our Job,  
And a faith that knows not why,  
He has now donned the robe  
To lead men to their Home on high.  
It is not the height that men reach  
Which brings all the true fame,  
But the distance traveled, I preach,  
That should bear the name.

Follow the other direction of the path,  
From the peak up at a slow gait,  
And wonder at the beauty that hath  
Come to the forest in this lovely state.  
Stands the oak, a tower of strength,  
And the poplar, a model of perfection;  
And the hickory with no equal for length,  
And the chestnut loved in this section.  
On the side of the mountain's a cove  
Where rarest flowers of the glen  
Have made place for the abode of Jove,  
And never touched by the feet of men?  
Yes, for here a half-century ago,  
When the wild deer ran at will,  
A hunter watched the antler go  
And thought of his gun for the kill.  
After the deer had leaped beyond his range,

He remember'd on his shoulder was the gun;  
And this he thought very strange  
That thus he had missed the fun.  
But truer than heart of hunter be  
Was love of the trim form of the deer;  
And, in his heart, was glad, you see,  
That he had passed up the kill so near.  
We eat our lunch by the spring  
In the shade of the forest roof;  
It is enough to make the heart of a king  
Sigh, and offer himself as proof.  
You who are bound to the city ways,  
With no thought but to give and spend,  
Could learn here the glad forest ways  
And for an unnatural life make amend.  
To the Burnt Cabin we come  
Where a flowing fountain sends a stream  
Down the mountain, singing for some  
A lullaby sweeter than those in a dream.  
The cabin has gone and Nature has made amend  
By covering traces of clearing or pen.  
Such the contest between Nature and men  
That when one begins the other end.  
Rocked the cradle of civilization for a day,  
And paused here in its ceaseless march;  
While the procession came up from far away,  
Then passed on under the triumphal arch.  
Below to the north Indians are buried,  
Showing how the civilization of the past  
May project itself into the hurried

March of the coming host at last.  
Dare not touch these for treasure!  
Because of the peoples' feeling near,  
For it would be considered a reckless measure  
And one bordering on to Godly fear.  
The greatness of civilization is shown,  
Not by successful war on any race of men,  
But by those gallant men, full grown,  
Who honor the past for what it brings to them.  
On the upper end is Rocky Face  
Where the mountain suddenly makes turn  
And leaves in the sun a broad space  
Of sheer cliff, and broken in turn.  
Above is a long line of green trees,  
And below and all around the same,  
Dotted with red and gold, in the breeze,  
On the border of this painting rare in name.  
Grand is the view from the road  
Along the stream in the valley below;  
And many a traveler, bearing his load,  
Has witnessed the wonder of the scene aglow.  
Here the hunter chased the bear to his lair  
And waited for his return to the sun;  
The deer was seen to bound in the air  
And disappear under sight of the gun.  
Many tales of adventure have been spun  
Around these cliffs, like the Arabian Knights,  
Or those of Boone and his gun,  
In his most desperate efforts in his fights.  
Witnessed they the onward rush of peoples,

Who rarely paused in their haste;  
But one was left to build church steeples  
While others should clear and lay waste.  
Brother of the ditch-digger, you know,  
And like him pleasant to meet,  
But one of those simple-hearted souls, so,  
Who slide away from the contest-seat.  
Swayed by the play of forces on his feeling,  
Like the leaves of the tree in the wind,  
And got comfort from his prayer kneeling  
When spirit sweeps soul beyond the mind.  
He will preach to you of God,  
And will glow in the spirit of the mood;  
And will turn to finding water with a rod,  
Or to sign to drive witches away rude.  
In his most serious mood you ever hear  
A strange goblin-laugh unwind,  
For he cannot but be serious, I fear,  
And ludicrous at the same time.

Cummel, to the North, is narrow and long,  
With sharp ridges broken by many gaps.  
A throng of rounded peaks stand out strong  
Against their clear background of these gaps.  
Many paths wind around and pass  
Thru these gaps to places beyond,  
Where the tide of the world surges past  
In that endless march that goes on and on.  
Color is added to the forest green  
By tall pines on some of the spurs,

And many blooming rhododendrons are seen  
Around the cliffs by the Burrs.  
Different from Humbre by far, they say,  
Are the winding paths here seen;  
For on Humbre along the top one takes its way  
While here many paths cross between  
Peaks, to wander down the other side  
To make union with the road  
Up and down the stream far and wide.  
Here many join in carrying their load.  
At the lower end, where stream joins stream,  
Severing the mountain free from Big Bone,  
Nature calls to her men, it seem,  
To assemble at the new "Healing Home,"  
Where the purest waters of the valley  
Come forth for the healing of men;  
And Nature aids in the sure rally  
To newness of life and health again.  
The Springs! What memories they bring!  
Of sweet whisp'rings of love beneath  
The spreading beeches by the Spring!  
What glad legacies they bequeath  
To the heart of youth seeking far  
The secret of happiness ever rife  
Under that pure guiding star,  
At once the hope and joy of this life.  
The Springs! What memories they bring!  
Here men forget their care  
And gradually lose sight of the thing  
That has become to them a nightmare.

Bring forth your healing balm,  
Springs of the mighty waters fair!  
And cast your spell upon earth to calm  
The feverish spirits of men everywhere!  
No lordlier castle was ever built  
In the realms of rule or sway  
Than stood by these Springs, built  
To drive the pangs of men away.  
Great castles are often tombs  
Of death to the highest ideals of men,  
And hide in death the babes in wombs  
Of mothers yearning to be free again.

Near is the school house under the hill  
Where nature makes a fair display  
Of beauty in stream, valley and hill.  
Here mountains rise up far away  
To beckon the youth's mind away  
From the narrow spaces between the hills,  
And cause him to look to far Cathay  
For visions the imagination fills.  
He secretly climbs one day this mount,  
At early dawn of that good day,  
And looks away to a pure fount  
From which flows a lovely stream away.  
This stream winds in broad curve  
Thru the grassy meads of this world.  
Upon its banks are the silvery trees where  
Golden apples drop down and whirl  
In the shining, quiet current of the stream.

Men move at will here  
And gather the fruit by the stream  
Where nature is at her best all the year.  
He descends and goes back to school;  
But all day long, while trying his books,  
He fans his brow to keep it cool.  
He wonders again how the scene looks.  
His mind will not stay however hard  
He tries to confine it to his books;  
He ponders: Is this the land where the bard  
Gleans in the fields for his books?  
His imagination carries him away  
To this world he has seen beyond the mountain  
Where superb beings toil and spin not by day,  
But spend the time looking into the fountain.  
Where the marts of trade move  
With only the will behind them,  
And where God can prove  
That man, superb man, is His friend.  
Where the earth is so very wide  
And mystery broods upon the serene deep,  
And men can travel with the tide  
And to far away countries sweep.  
A youth jostles him in passing by  
And he is brought back from his dream.  
But who says he will be the same? And why?  
After awakening from this wonderful dream?  
Not I. For Heaven has so ordained  
That men, in their striving, must gain  
A wider outlook on life, restrained

Not by the fearful storm or pain.  
The house sits between stream and hill  
And looks out on a playground wide,  
Where tall sycamores stand at will  
To protect the happy children, aside  
From the beauty they add to the scene.  
Great beeches stand by the edge  
Toward the stream, and give way to a scene  
Of rhododendron, laurel and hedge.  
Above, on the lower end of the ground,  
Stands the large oak flaring wide,  
Easily master over all around,  
Not even excepting time and tide.  
I move my hand over the rough bark;  
A whisper from this great tree  
Comes to me saying, "Trust this ark  
Of safety in all the storms that be."  
Above the house, to the rear,  
Rises a cliff sheer from the water's edge,  
Crowned by towering pines that fear  
Not the waters rushing along the ledge.  
Rhododendron and laurel are here, too,  
To add their crown of beauty  
To a scene no artist ever knew,  
Or had opportunity to paint as a duty.  
Flow on, beautiful stream!  
Rise higher, ye noble mountains!  
And fulfill thy brightest dream  
In its ever-swelling fountains!  
Stand firm, ye school house yonder,

A symbol of the world advancing!  
Send your light upon men to wonder  
At Pegasus in the air prancing!  
Be to me the light that burst on Rome  
When civilization sought expansion!  
Be the herald of that new home  
That finds for the soul its mansion!  
Train the generations, each time anew;  
Send them forth in power to dare and do  
What men have dreamed is due  
The race that lifts up not to subdue!

Zigzagging our way along the crest,  
With only a path here and there,  
Climbing around peaks abreast  
And down thru gaps everywhere,  
We come finally to the Gap Field,  
Half way our mountain distance.  
Here the Gap widens each way to yield  
Space for the farm without resistance  
From the hills that cluster around.  
In the lap of the hills here  
Man has dug a subsistence from the ground  
To sustain him year after year  
For more generations than I know.  
Benjamin Wise, an old man when I  
Knew him, lived here years ago.  
A peculiar man was he, I know not why;  
For, when he met you with load on back,  
He always kept it there so,

And, no matter how long he talked, the pack  
Ever remained there, I know.  
He would walk all around you,  
Tramping down every inch of the ground,  
And with his long beard too,  
And eyes that danced around,  
He is at once stamped different  
From the other men you know.  
The children could not be indifferent  
To the man who gave them this show.  
They were afraid of his every move  
And thought him in league with Satan;  
For this they could always prove  
Because, when he looks back, they hate him.  
But simple-hearted and kind was he,  
Wishing no one any harm;  
He would halt you at his gate, see,  
And welcome you by giving you his arm.  
This Gap was the traveled highway  
More than all the others by far  
For passengers from the Brae  
To settlements beyond the Spar.  
From the valley of the Brae  
The path winds its way up the gorge,  
Closed in by towering peaks away  
And darkened by thick rhododendron large,  
Then drops down the other side  
To the lap of the hill below, where  
Tall pines bring the creepy feeling wide,  
And you leap from the pheasant's whirl.

One dark night a lone traveler  
Passes this way toward the Brae Valley;  
The night is heavy with darkness, Sir,  
And like evil spirits that quietly rally  
To their secret haunts in search  
Of prey for their fiendish thirst,  
About the silent, dark pines perch.  
Overcoming the flush of fear, the worst,  
Creeping thru this gloom he spies  
A light from a window ahead,  
And straight for the dwelling he hies,  
But wishes for the comfort of a bed.  
A tap at the door brings out  
The willing occupant, who plans  
A light that no one should ever flout.  
Boards, dry and long, like fans,  
Are split in pieces and brought together;  
Then a light that flares up at one end  
Shows you the way without bother.  
He thanks him and welcomes him as a friend.  
Have you ever witnessed the comfort  
That comes to you on a dark night,  
When tired and lonely, without comfort,  
You suddenly look ahead to see a light?  
So forth stands civilization's light,  
In the world's broad spaces dark,  
When gloom and disappointment gather might—  
Just think of the cheer of one lone spark!  
The fields, once green, are now bare  
Of those things that sustain men;

Shrubbery and briers grow up everywhere  
And struggle to fill up the Gap again.  
So the generations always pass,  
Each succeeding the one before,  
Till the impoverished land gives up at last  
And their descendants move on as before.

We come next to Thesalay Peak wide,  
A large, round mountain, higher than the rest,  
Where broad, level spaces project from its side  
With farms that produce at their best.  
Plain to the view of all in the valley  
Are the many glowing scenes that appear;  
Of mists that fall over the Brae in a sally  
After sweeping around this peak here;  
Of storms that rage in their fury near,  
Swinging along the sides of the valley clear,  
Bringing terror to the people's hearts, I hear,  
Who shudder at the awful fate, so severe;  
Of the cold winds that sweep it on winter days,  
Leaving the mists frozen dew to fill the trees  
And sparkle like diamonds in the sun's rays  
After the night has been passed in the breeze;  
Of a scene, on a summer's day, at sunrise,  
Of the mountain glowing like the King  
Of the Christian world, when before the eyes  
Of the Prophets he became transfigured, a thing  
Transcending all to the onlookers by—  
A scene the painter wishes he could try  
To inspire him to greater endeavor,

Swinging free his brush without a sigh  
For the painting no artist had painted ever.

This valley stretches along the Brae  
Like a trough hollowed out of the hills,  
Wider to the East, and extending away  
To a rounded point in the Western hills.  
But from the wider part, East, then  
Along the stream it narrows to a thread  
For some miles, then widens again  
To be lost in the stream's rugged bed.  
Many small farms checker the ground  
In this pleasant valley now,  
Where the thriving Tway Settlement is found,  
Composed of the descendants, of sturdy brow,  
Of men who aided Boone when  
He cast aside precedent and ease  
To open the Western Country then  
To a conquering host not easy to please.  
They poured thru Cumberland's Pass,  
Laid hands upon the mountain stronghold,  
Left men to take possession of the mass,  
And passed on with a front more bold  
Till they had overrun the Blue Grass.  
They pressed on to conquer and to bless  
Until they had encompassed the mass  
Of the broad lands of the West.  
No nobler undertaking ever came to man  
Than came to Boone and his followers!  
They extended mankind's plan

To a wider domain among the Powers!  
When time enough elapses  
And history has been given her due,  
The record of those great collapses  
Will give place to records anew.  
Then Boone's achievement will stand  
On the pages of history as actor,  
And mankind will read in grand  
Pageant the record of the benefactor  
To whom all mankind is debtor.  
Long may his memory live in her annals!  
Long may his deeds become the better  
To shine in dark places like candles!  
Most of this valley was owned at one time  
By two of the family, Jonathan and Thomas  
Tway,  
The fathers and grandfathers betime  
Of all the inhabitants here today.  
Now they are buried plain to view  
In an unassuming little graveyard, a rod  
From each other, or two,  
To sleep their sleep on the breast of God.  
Far-seeing men were they;  
For they sought out the heart of this region  
Far and near, and bought it for a song, they say;  
Now the company has grown to legion  
And promises to outnumber the valleys of Cathay,  
For here nothing is known of race-suicide  
And the many other evils that check the way  
Of men borne to life's higher tide.

They bring forth in great numbers,  
Quoting the Bible as their guide;  
"Multiply and replenish the earth" with numbers  
And remember the day the faithful abide.  
Hail to civilization's preservers!  
Hail to these brothers of men!  
This swelling tide will become the reserves  
Of all generations from now, amen!  
Scotch-Irish and English blood  
Flow thru the veins of these men,  
Who will form part of the flood  
Of Anglo-Saxons to people the earth again.  
They tell us the Teuton will prevail  
In the world's monster strife;  
That he is prepared to avail  
Himself of all power that is rife.  
What is the issue? What the plan?  
Is it between Teuton overlordship fierce  
And the liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon plan?  
Then let every Allied spear pierce  
The body of a Teuton man!  
Let the blood of nations be poured out  
For the redemption of the world-plan,  
And with our hands cast the invader out!  
They moved from the British Isles  
And came to Virginia's coast;  
There they landed in long files  
To establish a new rule without boast.  
Thru Virginia, Tennessee and the Pass  
They made their way in time,

To where they now amass  
Liberty all along the line.  
Industrious are the people and strong,  
Relying upon themselves for aid;  
They know the world's injustice and wrong,  
But lose sight of it in digging with the spade.  
One industry and one plan have they,  
The making of men for the new day;  
And this thru planting and reaping, aye,  
For the ages' long sultry day.  
They graze their cattle on the hills,  
Their hogs take to the field;  
They toss their hay by the rills  
And gather their corn of great yield.  
Religious are they always,  
Moved by emotions ever strong;  
They keep strict account of those astray  
And plead with them thru song.  
In education they believe,  
Sending their sons away to school;  
They continually try to relieve  
The mind of the ignorance of the fool.  
Many sacrifices they make  
To prepare their sons for life;  
Many encomiums they take  
Because of the superiority in the strife.  
The story is told of Henry Tway  
Who came along with Boone,  
That he left his home in Tennessee a day  
To travel away under the moon.

He remained in Kentucky so long  
That, when he returned in haste,  
He found his children took flight strong  
And fled to safety on the waste.  
But brought his family back to this wilderness,  
To brave the dangers of the land,  
And found a new home with freedom, I confess.  
Here he hunted the whole bear clan  
And tilled the soil for bread.  
He became the father of the Tway host,  
And at last found his bed  
Beneath a spreading tree post,  
In the winter's chilly snow, fast  
Asleep in death, amid the wilderness  
He had helped to conquer last,  
Of which he was no more to boast or confess.

Herbert Tway lives at the lower end,  
At the broad part of this vale,  
On a rocky prominence, at the very end,  
Above the stream without a sail.  
From the site of the house here  
The valley spreads out far away,  
Rimmed by the green of the hills austere  
That culminate in the high peak of Thesalay.  
To the rear is the orchard near  
Where apples of every kind  
Grow with a pink luster, I hear,  
To supply the wants of mankind.  
In front are the strong walnut trees, .

Stationed like men on guard,  
With their strong branches at ease  
Dropping down the walnuts hard.  
Beneath are the old flat rocks  
Where the walnuts are cracked by day,  
While life passes, but never mocks,  
Him who thus passes the time away.  
Just below, on the high bank of the stream,  
Stand an assembly of oaks large  
Where spreading branches awake the dream  
Of them floating away as a barge.  
Let thy boughs sway to the breeze!  
Toss them high if you care!  
Time's message comes from these—  
Grow strong in life's struggle fair.  
Above the house opposite these trees  
Is the forest of oak and chestnut grand;  
Here the youth strays far from mart  
To learn of each single tree and  
Coax the secret from his heart.  
Go on, yearning young man! The plan  
Of this universe, and all her ways,  
Will come to you in the striving  
To solve the mystery in this and other days,  
And will abide till at Heaven's gate arriving.  
The lot, the garden, the field,  
All present themselves to view;  
Where man helps nature to bring yield  
For those who toil anew.  
This house is greater than a castle,

Though very modest at the best;  
For youths leave its hearth to wrestle  
In God's mighty struggle, the test.  
From many a castle sickly youths  
Come to lord it over men in power;  
They surely will get their dues  
In that final reckoning hour,  
For star-eyed men, from such a hut  
As this, may lead the world's advance  
Against monarchical power in a rut,  
Democracy's great name to enhance.  
Herbert Tway is a man of means  
Though he has not one cent;  
For Heaven and Earth are but realms  
Of possibility in the right direction bent.  
He fights for a family of many  
With humor, good-natured humor, in his eyes,  
And with a song on his lips for any  
Occasion that does arise.  
Men about him, who saved money, would  
Save for the sake of saving it then,  
And forget their families' good  
In the selfishness that knows no end.  
But he for a larger purpose saved,  
Saved those principles of nobility fine  
And transmitted them thru education grave  
To places in his offspring's mind.  
He helped them to have greater faith  
And courage in life's struggle vast;  
And placed on their brow a greater wreath

Than crown for money ever cast.  
Susan Tway, his companion true,  
Too busy at her work to look around,  
Has no thought in view  
But of service to others, I am bound.  
There are souls who falter, falter,  
There are souls who fear and fear;  
There are souls who shy at the halter  
And are sure their destiny is near.  
But she's as steadfast as the sun  
In his position among the worlds;  
She believes work is never done  
Till life into a new sphere whirls.  
When others have doubts the more  
And fears that cannot be crushed,  
She laughs at their halting as before  
And wonders why they have rushed  
Upon such lovely creatures here below.  
"When a thing's to be done, do it;  
Tides may come and tides may go,  
But the unconquerable spirit moves on to it."  
With his faithful helpmate  
Who loves life to the very last,  
Arm in arm they march in life late  
To the sure haven of God's vast  
Port, where His love, in form of a crown,  
Will be placed on their heads sure  
For their services of high renown  
In furthering civilization's plan secure.  
Over the way only about a mile,

On a small stream, the Mawn,  
Which empties into the Brae, while  
Flowing from the heart of Humbre at dawn,  
Lives Joshua Tway, a man as staid  
As the morning star, and as wise.  
He is a workman of the rarest type, paid  
For what he does in knowing it is right.  
To the last he holds to his purpose true,  
And at a ripe old age passes  
Among the stars out of view  
To receive his reward for the labor he amasses.  
If you wish a man as a type  
Of what man should be,  
Choose this man, who was ripe  
In life's experiences, with a spirit, you see,  
As calm as the apple that grows on a bough.  
Life's storms had not disturbed the growing man  
In him, but had strengthened and shaped him  
now  
Like the strong oak whose leaves in the breeze  
fan.  
The house, the place of his abode,  
Is lodged on a steep hillside,  
Close beside the road  
That crosses the country wide.  
It overlooks the Mawn flowing by  
The side of Humbre, where a lift  
Of the eye catches a view of the mountain nigh  
In a vision that has come as a gift.  
Here sun and cloud the while,

In turn, toss their light and shade  
Over the broad summit, to smile  
Or frown upon cliff, gorge and glade.  
Here man pauses for a time  
To harness the forces of nature secure  
That he might serve His purposes betime  
For shaping a life to endure.  
Not very far up, across the Brae,  
From the home of Herbert Tway, lives  
Timothy Stiles, who married Martha Tway.  
He moves thru the neighborhood and gives  
That wholesome influence of good cheer  
That puts you always in the best of mood  
No matter where you chance to meet him here.  
He drives away the angry feelings rude  
And with happy smile and friendly word  
Causes you to forget your ill.  
You always leave him happy as any bird  
With its song of freedom to the fill.  
Who says he never lived who salves  
The little disquietudes of men each day?  
Who says he never lived who halves  
The apple with his neighbor in a friendly way?  
No soaring genius he, no man of birth!  
No man for romance, no man for France!  
But just a good jolly fellow for the old earth—  
One who knows nothing of cunning or chance.  
His helpmate is as different as can be.  
Sedate is she, and firm as Fate,  
With no thought but of the millennium to be,

And of Christ to free men from their awful state.  
She believes in every principle of the Sacred  
Creed,  
Even to the raising of the dead to life;  
And will remonstrate over the curse of greed  
In a world of deadly strife.  
Faithful as Mary as told in Sacred Writ  
She ever holds true to her belief,  
And looks for the great Judgment, to-wit:  
When the wheat shall be separated from the sheaf  
Up from Herbert Tway's a mile,  
On the same side of the Brae,  
And we come to where Jonathan Tway lived  
awhile  
To prove his worth in the strife of that day.  
He lived on a rounded hill overlooking the valley,  
Where Nature has prepared a strong retired  
place—  
A veritable fortress—from which to make a sally  
Into the world's stirring market place.  
Rimmed by the hills of Cummel to the rear,  
With the valley below like a blanket all set,  
And with Thesaly Peak looking up as if near,  
A scene is presented to view one can never forget.  
Two cedars, like grim sentinels, guard  
The front of the house on either side;  
And the bold-flowing spring a quarter and a yard  
Is just over beneath the hill to one side.  
The splendid old log house here  
Witnessed the triumph of the Union arms,

And sent forth a new army without fear  
To help rebuild the country without alarms.  
Jonathan Tway, a captain of industry was he—  
A man who loved piety in the race  
And wished in preference to war to see  
The saner virtues strong in all the race;—  
For in an age when men were exploring  
New paths for men to trod, and were trying  
To extend the new country to the sea, he adoring  
Their courage and faith was ever vieing  
With nature in an effort to set a new pace  
For making a nation from the common clay  
At his door, thereby making a stronger race  
For the mighty struggles of another day.  
He, thru thrift, honest toil, and trade,  
Secured title to most of this valley here.  
Then with strong hand, in less than a decade,  
Caused the forests to give way, I hear,  
To wide fields of waving corn and grass.  
Then his cattle grazed by the many brooks  
And his hogs in droves took to the mast;  
Till, with barns filled, he looks  
Upon a home of plenty, in a new country and age.  
If each man built as well as the other  
(Pray tell me if this is not so, great sage)—  
Would not men be nearer to that of brother  
In a union greater than any yet made?  
Each striving in his own way, the while,  
For the betterment of himself and neighbor, fade  
Into the greater union of all erstwhile,

Which proves man can build far better than he  
knew.

So Jonathan Tway's philosophy centered here,  
And he found to his amaze, as time flew,  
That he had served himself and country many a  
year

And could now enjoy the fruits of his toil  
In peace. But just then the great strife came,  
The country rocked in the balance on her own  
soil,

And amid all this struggle and pain,  
Jonathan Tway, who had builded in love  
Far better than his Scotch forebears, now yielded  
To the summons for greater union above.  
When Father Time his scythe had wielded,  
And the last funeral rites had been said,  
His broad acres were divided, without dissent,  
Among his sons and daughters, aforesaid.  
Here since they have dwelt to this time, the  
present,

In unity, in this way commemorating the re-  
ceiving

Of a greater legacy than lands or houses.  
For in what more does wealth consist than in  
believing

And trusting those about you. This arouses  
No jealousy or opposition and will last  
To the end of time. What say you  
Who have moved along too fast  
For the good old virtues of those who are true?

Hiram Tway, the youngest son  
Of Jonathan, lived at the old homestead  
Long after his father's death. Late in life he won  
The approbation of all who knew him, and led  
The community in all the Christian virtues.  
Like the Disciple John he proved anew  
That Christianity simply lived nurtures  
All the holy principles opened to our view.  
"As a guide to the feet of youth he had no equal,"  
Said those who walked with him every day,  
For he knew far better than others the sequel  
To the pitfalls of youth striving to gain headway.  
He would lend you his horse when he needed to  
plow,  
Or would walk with you two miles instead of one;  
He would quietly pledge you to a new vow  
For the furtherance of the Kingdom of the Holy  
One.  
Lift up thy hand, O most beloved!  
Beckon to our most noble selves  
From thy happy Eternity, O beloved!  
Call us to mightier deeds for ourselves  
In this kingdom of ours here on earth.  
James Tway lived here, till the lure of the town  
Caught him away in a gust of mirth.  
There he strove the day thru with men of renown  
Till he found he had reached a commanding position  
In the struggle that goes the round.  
He became the judge with democratic vision

And strove to leave a better county than he found.

That he succeeded no one will deny,  
But the politicians found they did not need him,  
So without even explaining why,  
They pushed him aside with a vim.

But lover of the common people was he,  
And they a lover of him;

He will always be remembered, you see,  
Even if money and position did defeat him.

A burst of laughter comes from the hill,  
Answered by a chorus of voices there;

It is none other than our leader, Bill,  
The humorist of the Tway family, I declare.

Bill Tway meets you with a solemn face,  
But with a rare twinkle in his eye;

By these you may know that the ace  
Is to be played by him when the ace is high.

Without waiting for you to speak a word,  
Says he, "Have you heard what Ben Warren did  
Sunday?"

"Why, no. Tell me." "Well, Ben was at church  
the third

On Sandy Creek; the whole country from Mundy  
To Big Bone had turned out.

This was communion day, and, after the sermon,  
The wine and the bread were passed about,

And when Ben was reached by Deacon Hermon  
He turned the cup and drank the wine down.

This was all there was of the wine.

So, when the people retired from the house, Sam  
found

Ben and wanted to know why he drank the wine.

Ben's slow reply was, 'I wanted warter, Sam.' "

Following this such a laugh came

As never comes from reading Sam,

Bill Nye, Ward, Riley, Holmes, or Mark Twain,

Or all the humorists that have ever been.

He was the poetry of laughter itself,

For when those ripples rolled on the air a-spin

The echoing hills took them without pelf

And passed them on to regions still fair.

Too much work was against his religion,

The joy of life held him like a nightmare,

Yet he drank deeper of life than most in this  
region.

A hunter was he by temper and profession,

His dogs were always ready for the chase;

Life among the hills was to him no digression,

For often for days he failed to return to his base.

"Skip with me upon the hills," said he,

"Ride with me upon the winds that blow;

Laughter calls to me from out the sea

Of humanity, and I must go."

There was Thomas Tway and his wife Aleen.

Of Thomas Tway I know but little worth while,

But of his worthy wife, I know and have seen

That she had the best apples for many a mile.

The tree stood by the crib near the road

Where the busy school children passed along;

Every day they would stop and get a load  
Of apples, and thought it no wrong.  
Worthy lady Aleen would rarely complain  
Unless the apples were getting fewer;  
Then she would make it plain  
That many children should be the fewer.  
She had sons worthy the name  
Who walked by the precepts of God,  
And sought not the paths of fame  
Other than those that had already been trod.  
They preach and sing, and till the soil,  
And save their money like gallant swain;  
They never enter into a broil  
Save for freedom's right to gain.

This valley and these hills are a world sublime,  
Where mighty deeds have been wrought  
By men of all races from every clime—  
(The most heroic succeeded while they fought).  
Sir Galahad and his knights contend fair  
In the wood yonder beneath that hill,  
And David slays Goliath in contest there  
When the stone whirls from his sling with a will.  
Don Quixote passes this way on a windy day  
And bids the paltry knights clear the road,  
And Henry the Eighth is here blustering away  
When called to Byron's heaven with his load.  
The tillers of the soil, both great and small,  
From famed Egypt and the remotest times,  
Toil and labor here beside all

Those who are the makers of heroic rhymes.  
And the famed Poe, with his weird measures,  
Tuned to the spirit of a soul divine,  
Is one with brave Lowell riding Pegasus, one of  
his treasures,  
Thru all the Elysian Fields of the mind.  
And Markham is here crying the protest  
Of the soul wandering in darkness before,  
And Rice pressing on is giving no rest  
To Pegasus in the production of volumes galore.  
Shakespeare's Forest of Arden is here nigh,  
Where sun and shadow play at will,  
And man can behold nature's wonder and sigh  
For greater wonders still.  
The Golden Gems of Life are pictured now  
In the log cabin by the still flowing stream,  
And David Copperfield is wondering how  
He can reach the kingdoms of his dream.  
The church of Adam Bede is on the hill,  
Where the wild roses scatter their perfume,  
And near by is the hum of the old mill  
That louder sounds thru the gathering gloom.  
Napoleon and Alexander are ever here  
Fighting their battles for rule or sway,  
And the Kaiser is blustering to his fall near  
On the battlefields of the Marne today.  
Washington's Valley Forge is not far away,  
For there I see him kneel in prayer awhile  
To ask of Him who knows the way  
For light to lead his hosts thru the trial.

Grant is thundering away at Appomattox town  
And Sherman is sweeping on to the sea,  
Just over that mountain of fair renown,  
To their victory and ours sure as can be.  
Lee surrenders, uniting the nation again,  
But the old Ship of State rocks in the storm  
When the brave Captain, just to all men,  
Goes to his reckoning hour amid the storm.  
Patrick Henry proclaims liberty for all,  
Adams pleads for justice to the race of men,  
And Webster warns of the impending pall  
Over the nation that will unite again.  
Jefferson works for democracy the more,  
Jackson strives to uphold this light,  
And Lincoln and Roosevelt come to the fore  
To give wider range to Freedom's right.  
Transfigured are the hills, valley and road  
To Palestine in the days of the Savior of men,  
And many disciples carrying their load  
Wander over hill and countryside again.  
Jesus feeds the multitude, true to no form,  
On the hill that shoulders out the sky,  
And Moses on the mount writes out his reform  
To be broken to pieces in anger near by.  
Abraham offers up Isaac as a sacrifice too  
On the high mountain beyond the Brae,  
And Jesus goes to Calvary with followers few  
In the storm that shakes the world to-day.

## THE PINNACLE

I stand on the topmost peak of the Pinnacle  
Bathed in the splendor of the morning sun!  
What beauty, what glory run  
With the coming of my lord, the sun!  
Is this the air of Heaven itself I breathe?  
Is this truly the light of fair Eternity?  
Who knows? To me it matters much,  
For, in this world of splendor, I am free.

The gray rocks, craggy, old and worn,  
Silently greet him as they have for aye;  
The green trees, greener in the radiant flame,  
Await the glory of his fuller hour;  
While the peak, long known to war and song,  
Receives with composure this great benediction.

Just below, spread out like the broad expanse  
Of a mighty lake, lies the wavy, billowy fog,  
White, white, and forever white,  
Whose waves fade away into the distance dim  
Like the sunlit waves of the jasper sea,  
Till fog and peak, peak and fog, are one.

Far down in the town in the valley below  
Men grovel and work and strive for gain,  
While on this high, ethereal peak,  
Far from the daily toils of men,

Amid the bewitching scenes of an early dawn,  
I let the eager wings of my soul  
Try the free air of that nobler world  
Sung by the bards of an ancient time.

5-3-16

### CUMBERLAND GAP

Between two towering peaks the Gap lies,  
Famous for a century—no mystery;  
And from its strategic position vies  
With the traveled highways of history.

#### I

In that dawn before American history began,  
With a native forest this Gap was filled,  
Which was part of that Wilderness grand  
That spread beyond where the hills are rilled.  
This Wilderness spread over the valleys south,  
And all along the great mountain chain,  
Where waters of rivers start for the mouth,  
To widest extent of forest domain.  
To the north this Wilderness spread over  
Narrow river valleys and mountains wide,  
To the very edge of the Bluegrass, moreover,  
And then on and on, far, by slow-moving tide.  
Here rhododendron clung to the rocky slope

And iris beside the dripping cliffs grew;  
The deer leaped up and bounded over the slope  
And the bear prowled in places known by few.  
Columbine blossoms quivered in the breeze  
And myriad flowers covered all the ground  
Where Indians prowled beneath great trees  
And hunted their game without making a sound.  
Not even a path the great forest knew,  
Save that of wild beast or sure Indian foot;  
The whisper of the trees in the breeze knew  
Not the clash of arms or step of boot.  
The pristine glory of this forest-world  
Calmed the spirits of beast and savage man,  
Ere the new forces of men began to whirl  
Thru this rugged forest-laden land—  
Ere the march of Empire took its way  
O'er mountain fastness and wild glen,  
To spread itself under so great a sway  
As has never been known to the race of men.

## II

Then the surging tide of Empire rose  
In the European cradle-home of the race;  
Moved in mighty volume to the shore  
And was then off in a wild, mad race.  
The tide surged over ocean wide  
Periling all in mighty storm and wave;  
Then plunged upon the Eastern shore, to abide  
In a new land, a new Freedom to save.

Then spread along this shore wide  
And surged against the Appalachian wall,  
Falling back upon itself; then the tide  
Plunged, swerved, and sought along the wall  
An outlet to the vaster regions beyond.  
Then on a fair day for furthering Empire  
Plunged thru Cumberland Gap, and beyond,  
Beneath the rock-ribbed Pinnacle's spire.  
There rode upon the very crest of this wave  
A man who was made of the common earth—  
Yet a man who had an Empire to save  
In the great effort of the race for wider berth.  
Alone in the forest with his God  
He dreamed dreams as did the great Moses,  
And went forth with his gun as a rod  
To clear the way to be strewn with roses.  
Then gathered to his aid a band of men  
Noble as those of Cromwell's famous band,  
And set them to carve a highway then  
Thru to the very heart of the Western land.  
I pause here before this man's greatness,  
And the nobility of those who aided him,  
And bow my head in shame before the lateness  
Of Kentucky in paying due honor to him.  
No Knight of the Round Table, though often  
told,  
Ever surpassed this man in his persistent plan  
To direct the reins of Empire in a way so bold  
And make a better way for the triumph of man.  
A bold Knight of Democracy was he;

For, when the swelling tide pressed on,  
He stepped aside and waited in the lea  
Of the ship, till government was erected thereon.  
Then moved on with the rushing waters of the  
tide

Into the wider regions of the great West,  
And there sought a place for awhile to abide  
In order that he might view Democracy's test.  
Then in peace he went to his tomb,  
Which rests in quiet upon the long rocky ledge  
Overlooking the Kentucky tide's boom,  
And the wide region from the cliff's edge.  
Then this Gap became the traveled highway,  
Greater by far than all the rest,  
For the swelling army marching along the way,  
To spread over the wide lands of the West.  
The tide moved on, spreading as it went the more,  
Till it had encompassed the whole of the West;  
Then halted along the wide Pacific's shore  
Till Democracy had triumphed from the burning  
test.

### III

Then, as the years passed, the tide upon itself  
turned,  
And the Gap again became a strategic position.  
The tide rolled up from the South, then turned  
And met the tide rolling down from the North—a  
transition

That caused the two terrific forces to clash  
In a supreme struggle that was to decide  
Which force was to assume control, after the  
clash,  
Of the policies of the nation from tide to tide.  
First one army and then the other held the Gap  
secure,  
Planting the cannon all about on the mountain,  
side,  
Thinking that in this way they could immure  
Themselves from danger, and swing the balance  
to their side.  
The tide plunged thru the Gap, from one side  
first,  
And then from the other, till in the end  
The tide from the North, with mighty plunge,  
burst  
Thru the Gap and held it to the end.  
And now, after the lapse of many years' time,  
The scars of the fierce warfare are to be found:  
Roads strung along the mountain sides in a line,  
To wind beneath frowning peaks and then down  
Into the valleys below, where the camps of men  
Are spread far and near about the mountain's  
base;  
Cannon placed on the Pinnacle's top, rocks hold  
the names of men;  
Pits found along the tops of low ridges in a long  
row  
Where the many bodies of the men who died

Were taken from the earth, after the awful  
throe,  
To be reinterred where this had been denied.  
Here brother fought against his brother  
In the most fearful strife that comes to men,  
Each thinking he was the one to further  
The cause of the nation—the other to make  
amend.

The fury of the tide has subsided long ago,  
And over a royal highway the tides of men  
In peaceful pursuit pass to and fro  
Without thought of renewing the strife again.  
The Gap, hollowed out by some ancient tide,  
Between the twin peaks of the mountain stands  
Overawed by the Pinnacle's broad side,  
And fearful of the thunderous cave's hands  
That grip it from beneath, submissive now  
To the quiet generations of men that come and go,  
In their persistent effort to show how  
The tides of men come that never cease to flow.

3-27-21

## THE NARROWS AGAIN

The plunging river, walls of rock  
Thirteen hundred feet on either side,  
Tell the story of a mighty struggle  
That formed this gorge so wide.  
Formed ere the star appeared in the East  
Over the Savior's place of birth,  
Long before the advent of man  
Upon this globe of whirling earth.

The trembling earth, a rumbling noise,  
Rocks crashing down the high mountain,  
And, enveloped in a cloud of smoke,  
And gushing from its side the fountain,  
A mountain appears, extending far  
Across the path nature has set  
For the regular course of river and star,  
And all things that move with them yet.

A thousand streams against this wall  
Rush. Their waters rise to the crest,  
Forming a surging, angry lake,  
Which sweeps away to rest  
Among distant peaks, there to prepare  
For the coming struggle between these  
Mighty forces of nature for the pass—  
A struggle which nature cannot appease.

The water creeps over the high crest  
And falls to the valley below in mist.  
And like the sea that fears not the ship  
The mountain is not alarmed at this;  
But laughs at the very small force  
That would contest this great pass  
With a mountain wonderful as the sea,  
Having just sprung into existence en masse.

But time is allied with the stream  
Which increases in volume and violence  
Till, before the mountain is aware,  
A wide gap has been cut whence  
Issue the wrathful waters that fall  
With a roar to rebound among the hills.  
Like the battle of the gods on Olympus  
The contest is waged with mighty wills.

Nor ceased that contest, age after age,  
Till the stream in triumph had won  
By plunging to the mountain's very base,  
Flowing away peacefully under a glowing sun.  
Then the waters divide, and each stream  
Seeks his channel to glide as of yore,  
Making famous for all time the pass  
That had yielded to Vulcan strokes the more.

Then comes peace to the antagonists bold,  
And each tries to hide the scars  
By throwing a mantle of dark green,  
Decorated with red and gold, like stars,

O'er the mountain's rock-ribbed sides.  
The river flows over the bottomless chasm here,  
And the gods take up their abode nigh  
For a peaceful reign of a thousand year.

4-4-18

## THE PANAMA CANAL

The wealth of the Indies all Europe dreamed;  
The truth of a world on heroes beamed.

Great Marco Polo wrote a book then  
That stirred the imaginations of all men.

Columbus dared what men feared—  
The terrors of the deep; a continent appeared.

Balboa to conquer across the isthmus came  
To a placid ocean without any name.

He drew his sword, plunging into main,  
And commanded the waves to be subject to Spain.

Then besought his country to listen to his claim  
For a great canal to link main to main.

This, while Hudson, Davis and Drake,  
Gilbert and the rest, sought the way to make

The famed Indies by the northwest route,  
Which they found closed—to them a very sad truth.

Magellan found the strait which bears his name;  
But four hundred years proves Balboa's fame.

De Lessep, the Frenchman, heroic in his might,  
Tried to carry out the seer's dream right

By building a canal from ocean to ocean;  
But private enterprise gave it up as a notion.

Then bold Roosevelt, linking dream to deed,  
On the scene came to dare and to do with speed

What others had tried by resolution vain,  
Thru all these years—to link main to main.

Ships of every land, O come this way!  
Link East to West—usher in the new day!

When from the Mediterranean and Atlantic's tide  
The trade of the world shifts to the Pacific wide.

The Panama Canal! The brave, brave deed,  
Stands as a monument to the heroic breed

Of a noble man, who dreamed and wrought,  
And wrought and dreamed, for ideas others fought.

He made it possible for the spices of the East  
To arrive at the West for the all-world feast.

5-23-16

## THE GARDEN

Ho! ho! ho!  
To the garden we go  
To dig with the spade;  
Now you take the hoe  
And we'll make a show,  
Nor ever think of the shade.

Dig! dig! dig!  
It's worth more'n a fig  
To make the dirt fly;  
Now burst the clods  
O'er many rods,  
And don't take time to sigh.

Rake! rake! rake!  
Many strokes we take  
To make the ground fine;  
Then make up the beds  
Without thinking of the Reds,  
And draw the rows to a line.

Gee! gee! gee!  
You just wait and see  
How we plant the little seeds;  
We strew them in a furrow  
Like animals in a burrow,  
And protect them from the weeds.

O! O! O!

How they do grow  
In lines so very straight—  
The raddish, lettuce, corn,  
In the bright May morn,  
Nor ever think to wait.

Hi! hi! hi!

It's time for us to spy  
For weeds and every enemy thing;  
We'll take our hoe  
And dig just so,  
And listen to the birds sing.

Great! great! great!  
Come to the gate,  
Behold a sight to see;—  
Tomatoes blushing fine,  
Beans in a line,  
And melons all ripe for me.

Red! red! red!  
Flowers in a bed  
Along the wide path, too;  
White ones there,  
And yellow ones share  
In beauties of garden for you.

Past! past! past!  
Summer going at last  
And the pleasures of the garden, too;  
But nature gives health,  
Far greater than wealth,  
And a chance to learn of you.

2-22-16

## THE FISHERMEN

Fishermen three  
Went out to see  
If any fish there were in sight.  
The day was fine,  
In went the line,  
But the fish they would not bite.

Minnows it took  
To go on each hook,  
And the bait they cast out very far;  
But there they sat,  
And forgot to chat,  
While they frowned on an unlucky star.

To another place,  
With anxious face,  
For luck, they said, they moved once more,  
Till ill at ease,  
Themselves to please,  
They stretched on the grass on curving shore.

Some thought  
That they ought  
To leave without giving any warning;  
While others said  
That time only sped,  
And they would never leave till morning.

Just then away  
Went the line astray,  
And the waves quivered under the terrified  
strain;  
The fisherman leaped  
To his feet  
And seized his rod with anxious strain.

All his force  
Rushed to one source  
At the touch of the quivering rod in his hands.  
His eye on the line,  
With grip on reel fine,  
He leads the fighting fish to where he stands.

And all the shore  
For once more  
Is alive with the shouts of happy men  
As each tries  
His new flies,  
And seeks a new place to try them then.

For a six-pounder,  
With flounce and flounder,  
Has been held up to all the waiting view;  
And the new hopes  
Of men and ropes  
Have all been revived and stirred anew.

Again the fun began  
Right under the span  
Of the bridge across the quivering lake;  
All caught fish,  
As many as could wish,  
And carried them to their lodge to bake.

Then over the wine  
They spun the story fine  
Of how they caught the fish more and more;  
And left alone,  
They'll go home,  
And never forget to tell the story o'er and  
o'er.

3-4-16

## AUTUMN

The Kenton hills are now aflame  
    With such a mad desire;  
Goldenrods afield are the same  
    With yellow to admire.  
Red-gold, amid the dying green,  
    Reign in profusion here,  
Blended delicate hues between  
    On hill and vale so near.

Squirrels are hoarding many nuts  
    Ready for winter's blast;  
Leaves are filling up all the ruts  
    To hide the falling mast.  
Chilly streams in the quiet vale  
    Wind by the shocks of corn;  
And the clear winds without avail  
    Cause a shiver in the morn.

Yellow pumpkins are in the field,  
    The straw is in the stack;  
Groaning haylofts are made to yield  
    To the strain of their pack.  
Crows caw and caw the livelong day  
    From the bare trees and hedge;  
And blackbirds sweep down and away  
    In droves above the sedge.

Apples, with pink lustre rare, load  
The trees in orchard near;  
Glad chestnuts drop down by the road  
In the wide woods, I hear.  
The hick'ry nuts are gather'd in  
For quiet hours at eve;  
The walnuts are dried with a grin  
That mock not nor deceive.

Autumn is here in all her sway  
On ev'ry hill and vale;  
The best of all the year, for aye,  
Is near for our avail.  
Nature blends her colors ever  
In such true varied hues;  
And the lap of plenty will sever  
From want and all her dues.

10-15-18

## THE AUTUMN SUN

All set is the sun  
In a misty autumn haze;  
Like a red-orange ball won  
From out the stellar ways.

Behind the dark pines cold  
How large he looms and fair!  
How like fairy fruit of gold  
He hangs on boughs there!

From the North blow the winds,  
A chill is in the air;  
But the autumn sun ever finds  
The bleakness very fair.

10-13-18

## AN OCTOBER DAY

### WITHOUT

Gray clouds hover low,  
A thick mist fills the air,  
And in the street is the show  
Of dreariness everywhere.

Dripping wet are the eaves,  
Puddles stand in the street;  
And half-bare are the trees  
Your eyes everywhere greet.

The men shiver as they pass  
And walk straight ahead;  
The October chills force amass,  
Ever with fearful dread.

### WITHIN

Cozy here is the room  
With a glow from the grate  
Casting a halo with a boon  
Over those in happy state

Seated the half-circle round.

Gas flames chase each other up  
The asbestos back like the hound  
When the wild chase is up.

Now here, now there, then away  
Thru the asbestos they go,  
Chasing their desire in their way  
With satisfaction aglow.

The smiling books look down  
From the shelf in the case,  
And invite you to sound  
The mysteries there they trace.

The victrola in the corner stands  
Fair with its glad desire,  
Ready for the touch of hands  
To unloose the music you admire.

The pictures hang on the walls  
In their quiet, secure place,  
That you may trace the halls  
Of ocean or woodland space.

The family of three seated here  
With books in their hand,  
Feel the glow of happiness near  
While united in happy band.

## THE HUNT IN FLORIDA

When October's chilling breeze  
Hails forth in Kentucky,  
And you see everywhere falling leaves,  
With the long arms of the trees  
Stretching forth in gaunt array,  
Then up and away  
To the fairer land of eternal flowers  
For a quiet place to pass away the hours.

To the sunny land of palm and pine,  
And the great swamps too;  
To where sweeping prairies meet the pine  
In their far-away sweep to the brine.  
For thee I pine, O land so fair!  
With loveliness everywhere,  
And a name so charming that he who reads  
Will sigh till he plunges within thy reeds.

Long and straight are the roads there,  
Over them we go,  
For the wild game that's fleetest and fair,  
And hides in cooling swamps everywhere;  
For the chase across the open pine-land,  
Across the prairie-land,  
To the big swamps, the marshy swamps, below  
Where, when pressed, all the fleetest deer go.

Then retrace your steps with downcast look,  
And sore disappointment,  
To the hastily built camp whence we took  
Our course that morn without compass or book.  
There to plan the next day's chase,  
In a surer place,  
For the game we know is bound to be there  
From reports our faithful spies declare.

Then to the chase again, you men,  
With all the dogs, too;  
For hope rides on the wings of morn again  
To lead the hunters on over heath and fen.  
Slowly we go, with the dogs ahead,  
Just lately from bed,  
To the cooling swamps just over the way  
Where the deer feed by night, not by day.

The old hound moves up slowly then  
To the palmettoes there,  
Sniffs the air, and starts off faster again  
Across the open woodland before the men.  
With his head in the air a bark resounds,  
Bringing up all the hounds;  
Thru the pines near the marshy ground alack  
Leaps forward the leader of the whole pack.

A crack of the palmettoes, the flash of a tail,  
And the deer is up,  
Over the open woodland to hit the trail;

Boom, boom, from the guns, and he begins to fail,  
Then falls to the ground limp and lifeless,  
And with no spitefulness  
Has the deer come to this fateful end,  
For the name of hunter I shall ever defend.

But there he lies, fat, sleek, and fine,  
Upon the short grass.  
What a pity to halt this fleetness at this time  
When the deer is in all his prime!  
My conscience says I must forever pay  
For time spent this way,  
And he who takes the life of the least  
Must ever think of naught but the feast.

Then Lord, dear Lord, forgive, I pray;  
It is my true desire  
That I may be freed from guilt this day,  
From the distressful pangs that won't fly away.  
I must see more than the feast in the deer,  
The trim form of the deer,  
And life to me must always be dearer, dear,  
In the beauty of palm and pine and deer.

10-25-18

## ADOWN THE WOODLAND WAY

Adown the woodland way  
Elves sport and play  
For our delight today.

The wonder of the wood!  
That brings all good  
To the heart that would

Interpret its meaning  
In careful gleaning  
Near the tree leaning.

Close beside a cove  
The tangled vines rove,  
And flowers, I trove,

Show happy faces fair,  
In the balmy air,  
All around, everywhere.

Adown the woodland way  
Elves sport and play  
For our delight today.

## "THE HANGING ROCK"

Far above the water's edge  
Hangs the rocky ledge,  
Rugged, stately and still,  
Strong with the strength of the hill  
From which he springs.

A movement of waters nigh,  
A fringe of trees against the sky,  
Clusters of flowers on the ground,  
And with the music of birds 'round  
All the forest rings.

Far above the eagle swings,  
Close to the rocks the iris clings;  
Fishes glide thru the waters below,  
And from afar true lovers row  
To this safe retreat.

When the shades of evening draw near,  
The lovers glide away without fear;  
They pass as if in a mystic dream  
The great dark object by the stream,  
And oft the tale repeat.

For ages on ages past  
He has defied the elements to the last:—  
All the rains of a thousand years,  
The snows and storms' awful fears,  
The river's whirling tide.

Masterful, patient, sublime,  
He reposes here and bides his time  
While the cycles of the ages pass all,  
And while kingdoms rise and fall  
With the swell of the tide.

3-21-16



## THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

Trailing, trailing, onward the arbutus goes,  
Along the hillsides and up thru the coves,  
Around the cliffs with the trees for a screen,  
And into the dark gorge by the side of the ravine.

He trails beside the streamlet, rippling sweet,  
And clambers under vines and over moss so neat;  
He weaves pretty figures on the brown forest floor  
And envies not the great trees above him any more.

He trailed the hills of old New England, south,  
And came down to a very wide harbor's mouth—  
There to greet our earnest Pilgrim Fathers of yore  
And welcome them, one and all, to our new shore.

He trailed south along the great mountain chain,  
Nor ever stopped to consider his distant gain,  
Till he had reached the "Land of Flowers"  
And had become a welcome guest in quiet bowers.

White down is upon his fresh leaves so green,  
A flush of pink on his petals may be seen;  
And contrasts are his winding stem so brown  
And the bare trees far above the ground.

His list'ning ear is close to Nature's heart—  
He early knows all her soothing, winning art—  
So the warm sunshine of windy March makes rife  
All his sleeping energies, and spurs them to life.

Just then a blast from the north sweeps down  
And covers with snow all the ground.  
The tall pine beneath the load is almost spent  
While the laurel everywhere is bowed and bent.

Grim old Winter holds universal sway once again  
And frowns from ev'ry rugged cliff and glen;  
But little does he know he plays the old clown,  
For the sure promise of Spring is on the ground.

And just where the path makes a sweeping bend,  
Close beside a rock with sheltered laurel, then  
The arbutus shows his cheery face, hopeful and gay,  
And awaits the disappearance of the snow in a day.

Away flies the snow before the warm sun—  
Already a complete victory has been won—  
And Spring in full sway holds out her glad hand  
While Nature stirs to new life in all the land.

2-5-16

## THE "BURNT CABIN"

This cabin stood on the broad plain of the mountain  
top  
By the clear, cool waters of a fountain never at rest,  
Where a world of trees spread a canopy of leaves  
overhead,  
And tangled vines showed nature in primitive mood  
best.

Here the wild fox dug his hole unscared,  
And the frisky squirrel jumped and played all around;  
The raccoon prowled in search of food day and night,  
And the deer lolled at his ease or went with a bound.

This was the first cabin in this region far and near,—  
A pioneer in a new land and a new age;  
It followed in the wake of that brave leader, Boone,  
In a greater dash than was ever made by king or page.

No sooner had it been erected, and a clearing made,  
Than came a mighty sweep of roaring, devouring flame  
And razed this fair cabin to the ground,  
Leaving naught to mark the spot but ashes and a name.

This seemed nature's way of strongest protest  
Against the invading hand of ruthless man;—  
A protest which is at once full of prophecy,  
And filled with important meaning for the race of Pan.

We talk of civilization and her rapid strides,  
Of the inventive genius of man and the needs of the  
hour,  
Of the tilling of the soil under scientific guides,  
And of the brave deeds of the warrior when linked  
with power.

Great are these and the times that brought them forth ;  
But in the great march of civilization thru the ages  
Something has been lost in sweeping away these forests  
To give place for history numbered by volumes in-  
stead of pages.

Have we not lost some of the calm power and patience  
That come to us thru the woods and trees?  
Have we not lost some of the wonder and vision  
That come to us in a world of green at our ease?

Then forever stay the hand of ruthless man !  
And give us to roam these glorious woods free,  
Where nature calms and broadens the soul of man  
In preparation for this life and the world to be.

6-3-15

## THE LONE PINE

On the lone peak of a mountain high  
A stately pine stood a whole century;  
Often with wind and storm he did vie  
In his struggles for mastery.

But deep-rooted, with a firm hold  
On earth and rocks immovable,  
He bade defiance to wind and storm  
And the thunderings of the elements innumerable.

From his lofty eminence enthroned  
He looked down on a vale of much renown,  
Where went an enchanting river that flowed  
To encircle in his arms—a town.

There many a hunter stood beneath his cover,  
Watching for the antlered deer to pass;  
There many a lover stole thither  
To rest in the shade on the grass.

There a bird sometimes perched himself to sing  
His songs of gladness and delight;  
There flowers would bloom in spring  
To greet the early morning's first light.

A change: flashes of lightning come and go,  
The thunder's loud roar is in the air;  
The fateful hour has come, and, like a hero,  
The stately tree has fallen fair.

Nor fell that tree without a noble fight;  
For often we hear people say,  
As of a great man who stood by the right,  
That he is remembered, even unto this day.

11-'02

## THE DANDELION AGAIN

Some flowers grow in distant mountain coves,  
Some cling to the clefts of rocks in droves,  
Some stand upon the great plains so wide,  
Some beneath the cover of brown leaves hide,  
Some gladden desolate valleys in their beauty,  
While others remain in our homes from duty.

But the dandelion does not behave in this way.  
He forever grows beside the regular trodden way  
To cheer and gladden the heart of busy man,  
In his ever persistent effort to try to scan  
For his joyous labors the new distant fields,  
Which are to bring forth for him great yields.

He clings to the worn soil with all his might,  
And often rears his happy face just in sight  
Above the beautiful carpet of native green;  
For he seems only to want his face to be seen  
That he may contrast his color of golden hue  
With all the varied surroundings in his view.

Only one in the very early morning you may see,  
But just wait and look, if you are to believe me,  
And the very next morning will bring a great host.  
They all cheerful come without pomp or boast,  
And turn their glad faces to the arching sky  
To view the chariot of the Sun-god passing by.

Then up rises from the ground a lengthy stem  
With a white downy ball on the upper end,  
Composed of many little dandelions with wings  
Ready to ride upon the first breeze that swings  
By, to carry them away to a far-distant place  
To propagate with their own hands a new race.

Who says the dandelion is only a wicked pest  
And should never have any secure place to rest  
In this common every-day world of ours?  
Heed him not. Go on, humble brother; the Powers  
That were great when the old worlds were new  
Will help thee to cheer the noble toilers anew.

I-30-I6

## THE WOODLAND

Down by a quiet stream that pursues its way  
Thru a narrow valley between two hills,  
A woodland extends up the slope far away,  
Tuned to the music of many rills.

The giant trees that tower against the sky  
And cast their benign shadows upon the earth,  
Are the shelters for the thoughts of you and me  
No less than for men of all races and birth.

I go to this woodland season in and season out  
And draw from it my inspiration and thought;  
I range this woodland all around, about,  
And see what wonderful works God hath wrought.

Not a sound is there to be heard anywhere,  
Save the occasional rustle of the squirrel in a tree,  
Or the sudden chirrup of the wild forest bird,  
Or the measured beat of the universe with me.

I quench my thirst at its flowing fountains  
And stand quietly by its dashing waterfalls;  
I look away beyond to distant mountains  
And watch the shades of evening play over all.

I sleep beneath a broad canopy of leaves  
And dream of the primeval forests of old ;  
I awake with all my senses clarified,—  
A flood of glory rushes over my soul.

Earth recedes ; I am carried on pinions  
Of thought to beautiful airy realms above,  
Where the glory of the two worlds ever meet  
In the everlasting forests of the gods of love.

I shall not soon forget that in the morning of life  
This wood became to me a companion, a friend ;  
It taught me that joy and gladness were rife  
And that nature would help me to comprehend.

Spread forth your light, your shadows and shade,  
And all the beauties and glories of an ancient wood ;  
Let the world of mankind learn your trade—  
The uplifting of life to the beneficent and the good.

5-2-15

## THE WHIPPOORWILL

Whip-p'r-will, whip-p'r-will,  
Comes the plaintive, sad cry  
From the far-distant hill  
As the evening shades draw nigh.

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,  
Strong, clear and shrill,  
Comes the answer from the hill  
Where dark shadows lie still.

Darker gloom by the stream,  
Darker hills against the sky,  
Solemn thoughts for your dream,  
Accompanied by this pensive cry.

Whence thy plaintive cry,  
O bird, of the sweeping wing?  
What makes thee sigh,  
Thou sad, inscrutable thing?

Is poor Will thy brother  
Who, in the long ages gone by,  
Was punished for some other,  
And for him you now sigh?

Or is poor Will the Muse  
Who inspires thy sad song  
And compels thee to use  
Thy cry against the oppressor's wrong?

We cannot hear thy woeful song,  
Out of tune with the season;  
Summer has come without a sigh;  
Thy song is without any reason.

Then back to thy mountain glen,  
And upon thy nest, without a song,  
Far from the haunts of men,  
Brood over thy grievous wrong.

Take with thee all the gloom,  
And thy sad, sorrowful tune;  
Leave me to my thoughts for a boon,—  
My soul would to nobler things attune.

Return not to our habitations;  
But remain in thy secluded cove high,  
And plague not our meditations  
With thy sad and melancholy cry.

4-8-16

## SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS

Robins appear  
In the orchard near  
The same time of year  
As they have for many years, time out of time;  
Whippoorwill's shrill  
Cry, on yonder hill,  
As shadows grow still,  
Pierce the still gloom out of tune with time.

Violets blue,  
With Heaven's own hue,  
Often greet you  
In field and lane as you wander with a will;  
Jonquils yellow,  
The jolly fellow,  
Careless of his yellow,  
So tall and straight, meets you with a thrill.

Maples' flame,  
Redbuds the same,  
Do both proclaim  
Beauty on the dull background of hill near;  
Dogwoods white,  
Looking like the sprite,  
In the calm night,  
Bedeck the slopes with no thought of care.

Squirrels rustle  
On trees ahustle  
With life and bustle,  
When the buds of the bare forest begin to swell;  
Chipmunks clatter,  
With chatter, chatter,  
All the day and after,  
As you glide thru the open woods so well.

What does it mean,  
All this life, I ween,  
By hill and stream,  
Where brown hills keep company with dull care.  
Spring in full sway,  
From throat and spray,  
Heralds the day  
That life is astir in mountain and glen, everywhere.

5-I-18

## PINEVILLE

Girded by Cumberland's waters,  
Guarded by high mountains,  
Lies our dear old Pineville  
Amid the swelling fountains  
Of joy, the imagination fills.  
Hail to thee, Pineville!  
Hail to the magic of thy hills!  
To thee we give three cheers  
For the heart that knows no years!

10-23-18

## THE CLUMP OF CEDARS

On a hot July afternoon  
Falls a heavy, refreshing rain, and soon  
The whole of the visible earth looks refreshed,  
In which every leaf, stem and flower is enmeshed.  
A clump of cedars close by our tent,  
With that life of theirs not very far spent,  
And, with dark foliage, stand rich  
Against a bluish-gray sky, which,  
In the harmony of things without a breeze,  
Shows beneath and above the trees.  
The tallest cedar of the clump the sun's rays tip,  
And, in the bright light of this tip,  
Beads of water like diamonds shine,—  
And sparkle with the thoughts of mine,—  
Which, with the dark bulk of the bodies of the trees,  
The straight, short stems that support these,  
And a rich coat of green grass beneath,  
Form an artistic picture which I bequeath  
To him whom the love of nature holds  
In the pure visions it ever molds.

8-9-21



IV.

PATRIOTIC POEMS



## JUST FORTY-TWO

Just forty-two

For me and you!

To-day I welcome with delight;  
For many years ago I first saw dawn of light  
On this new day. The draft is now in sight,  
And I'm to leave for France to fight.

O what a world for me and you!

To-day I am just forty-two!

Just forty-two

For me and you!

How patriotism surges at my heart!  
I now welcome the chance to thrust the dart  
Clear thru the foe, and to perform my part  
In struggling world for freedom sure of home and mart.

O what a world for me and you!

To-day I am just forty-two!

Just forty-two

For me and you!

How glad I am to see this day!  
When old-world systems crumble now to sure decay,  
And from the ashes rise to wider sway  
Democracy, triumphant then for aye!

O what a world for me and you!

To-day I am just forty-two!

Just forty-two  
For me and you!  
From flaring flame that has been set  
Will come redemption sure of this old world well set!  
The God of War men will assuredly forget  
When Love, and Peace, and Freedom have all met!  
O what a world for me and you!  
To-day I am just forty-two!

Just forty-two  
For me and you!  
Hand me the weapon by your side,  
And let us cleave the enemy line wide!  
Then shall we sing as we move with the tide  
Of Freemen to where Victory doth now abide!  
O what a world for me and you!  
To-day I am just forty-two!

8-21-18

## THE ARMY ON PARADE

Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The hosts of the Lord move on  
Over the streets of Cincinnati town.  
Grim warriors of the world, such as Cromwell knew,  
Declaring the doom of Militarism and the Crown  
That rushed upon the world their bloodthirsty crew.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The hosts of the Lord move on  
Over the streets of Cincinnati town.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Down the street they swing  
Between the human walls on either side.  
The thunder of doom's in the tread of their feet;  
Monarchial power totters for the plunge 'neath the  
tide  
Of Victory they are sure to meet.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Down the street they swing  
Between the human walls on either side.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The cheers from the throng burst on the air  
As column after column passes by.  
"We are ready, one hundred million strong,"

Says the banner in the hands of a patriot nigh;  
A mighty wave of patriotism sweeps the throng.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The cheers from the throng burst on the air  
As column after column passes by.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
With hats in hand men bare their heads  
As the stirring march is played.  
Grim are the faces of men everywhere  
As the determination that the Hun be flayed  
Grips the throng of Freemen there.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
With hats in hand men bare their heads  
As the stirring march is played.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Down the long corridors of Time  
I hear the treading echoes of the millions to come.  
Star-eyed, they ever move with a firm tread  
To new fields of triumph for all the race  
That knows how to follow the dream without dread.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
Down the long corridors of Time  
I hear the treading echoes of the millions to come.

9-25-18

V.  
LYRIC STRAINS



## MAMMOTH CAVE

O the name of it now,  
O the fame of it now,—  
    Mammoth Cave;  
O the whole of it then,  
O the soul of it then,—  
    Wondrous cave.

O the error of its make,  
O the terror of its quake,—  
    Darkest world;  
O the quiet of its space,  
O the riot of its face,—  
    Maddest whirl.

O the wonder of its halls,  
O the thunder of its walls,—  
    Mighty cave;  
O the depths of its pits,  
O the depths of its pits,—  
    Darkest cave.

O the height of its domes,  
O the plight of its cones,—  
    Fearful cave;  
O the piles of its cities,  
O the files of its ditties,—  
    Greatest cave.

O the winding of its stairs,  
O the finding of its airs,—  
    Wondrous cave;  
O the stars of its dome,  
O the bars to its home,—  
    Hidden cave.

O the story of its streams,  
O the glory of its dreams,—  
    Wondrous cave;  
O the file of its lore,  
O the pile of its store—  
    Priceless cave.

O the ages of its time,  
O the pages of writ fine,—  
    Timeless cave;  
O the echo of its halls,  
O the echo of its falls,—  
    Mammoth Cave.

8-9-21

## THE MILLPOND

Behold the mill's wide pond,  
With outlines of a bowl,  
And peaks that rise beyond  
To join the mountain fold.

Beneath the falls it lies,  
Adorned with greenest sprays  
Of growth, and trees that rise  
Above the drooping sprays.

Down in the glassy depths,  
The long fringe of trees vie  
With peaks in greater depths  
Of beauty, deep as a sigh.

On rocky ledge above  
The mill in silence stands,  
Where the miller in his love  
Once toiled with dusty hands.

He kept time with the hum  
Of the mill in his song,  
Like tides with ceaseless hum  
That ever move along.

The silence broods on the pond,  
In quiet ev'ning shades,  
And peaks peer way beyond  
Abode of darkest shades.

The miller's spirit moves  
With whisper of the trees—  
The strange omen that proves  
The mystery of these.

4-3-21

## THE PINE TREE

Out the depth of the forest green  
Arose the tall, grim pine;  
Like a plumed knight of old he rose  
In his stature sublime.

Out over a quivering lake  
He waved his plumes adieu;  
Like the waves of the deep to me  
Were rise and fall so true.

Dark against the ev'ning sky  
He loomed, so large, so deep;  
Rising was my soul's emotion  
So strong that I could weep.

Rooted deep in soil of past age,  
With legend at thy feet,  
Thou hast reared thy form aloft  
A fairer time to greet.

Long may thy plumes wave there on high,  
In thy new faith sublime;  
Teach us the lesson of the past,—  
With it legend entwine.

## AN AVENUE OF TREES

An avenue of trees against the sky  
Is like the hopes of men that never die.  
The gentleness of the breeze in the trees  
Is like spirits that know the essence of these.

Down the shady avenues of the world  
The spirits of men continue to whirl—  
Tenuous spirits, imbued with hope true,  
That echo thru the ages a meaning for you.

9-5-20

## THE GOAL

The goal! The goal! Has it been gained at last?  
What of this goal? How appears it cast?  
Long has been the hard struggle for the goal,  
Many the heartaches for want of gold  
To pursue the aim of a larger life,  
Many the trials in the fearful strife,  
Many the disappointments to the last,  
Many the sighs for the good days past.

The goal is but a roll so very thin,  
A roll that seems to mock me with chagrin;  
Only a roll that comes in the long file,  
Only a roll that speeds the step a mile.  
What of struggle and trial does it tell?  
What of the dream by the wayside well?  
What then of all the years that intervene?  
What of the old vision, what of the dream?

Ah! The roll is but a symbol so fair  
Of the strivings of years to gain the rare  
Peak of the visions of a youthful soul;  
Only a resting place is this new goal  
For the new day uprising. Then soul, arise!  
For out of the glowing distances now rise  
The vision of a new goal, brighter by far  
Than the new day's harbinger, the morning star.

From goal to goal we travel all the day,  
Like the pilot of the air who sailed away  
To foreign shores with praise of a nation.  
Planted within by divine creation  
Is the greatest goal the world ever knew,  
The goal that arose when the stars were few,  
The goal of Hope that flares up in the soul  
To beckon man on to conquer as of old.

Stand forth great anchor of the mighty soul!  
Hold high the light caught from distant worlds  
old  
As time; flash the way to newer desires!  
Herald the reign of new uprising empires—  
Empires that spring surprising from decay,  
Overturning systems outworn for aye.  
Lead the way to Merlin's kingdom in the air  
Where perfect souls contend so very fair.

6-12-20

## THE DANDELION

O dandelion! O dandelion! art thou true?  
Or art thou a fairy from the realms of the blue?  
Or art thou a star in a beautiful sea of green—  
The rarest reflection of the heavens to be seen?

Thou art surely a star from the realms of gold,  
For thou hast multiplied like the stars of old;  
And thou art set in as beautiful a sea of green  
As any of the stars on the crown of the queen.

Just as the Sun-god in his chariot at dawn of day  
Urges his flying steeds to press on their way,  
All of the dandelions stand with their faces nigh  
As if in supplication to their creators in the sky.

Then, when the stars have disappeared from view,  
In the light of the sun, while the day is still new,  
The dandelions fold themselves up secure  
And await the return of their prototypes so pure.

## RHODODENDRON

The rhododendron's abloom  
By the water's edge;  
Pink and white glow at noon  
Above the rocky ledge.

Waves of foliage green  
Mount the hill's crest;  
While the flowers a-green  
Stand on its breast.

Were ever flowers seen  
With the beauty of these?  
Rare in setting between  
Shining water and trees.

Came them from the Mount,  
The abode of Jove?  
Or from Heaven's own Fount  
Of God's pure love?

How they came to this stream,  
To cliff and glen,  
Must remain with the dream  
In the hearts of men.

But the joy they bring  
To the yearning heart  
Is a fountain that may spring  
Into the highest art.

## LIFE

Life is a stream  
That ebbs and flows;  
Thru the world a-dream  
He ever onward goes.

He flows between meads  
Of the broad earth,  
Where the city pleads  
For a wider berth.

He leaps waterfalls  
To churn and churn;  
And rushes by the walls  
Where campfires burn.

Flows over rocky ledge  
With rippling sound,  
And views the sea's edge  
Whence he is bound.

Then joins his eternity,  
The Jasper sea,  
In one great fraternity  
With you and me.

## "LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE"

Live while you live!  
What can be wiser?  
What says the miser?  
What, then, is it to live?

Live while you live!  
Is life only pelf?  
Is life all for self?  
Does life ever forgive?

Live while you live!  
Is life all roses?  
Is life all posies?  
What think you who live?

Live while you live!  
Is life a chance  
To play and dance?  
Or is it ever to give?

Is life in the struggle  
Where stony path  
Is climb'd at last  
In the great final struggle?

Is life expectancy that runs  
Beyond the grave?  
What think the brave  
Who fight under burning suns?

Is life ever a stream  
That ebbs and flows,  
And forever onward goes  
Thru the world a-dream,

And joins his Eternity,  
The immaculate sea,  
With you and me  
In one great fraternity?

Is life a caldron vast  
Of burning mass,  
Of churning fast,  
Of all its elements en masse?

Will it turn out gold,  
With all the dross,  
At fearful cost,  
Cast aside from its hold?

Give yourself is to live!  
Is this life's note?  
Then I quote:  
"Ever give while you live!"

And give yourself today!  
Life is fleeting!  
Life is defeating  
Our every effort to stay!

## LOVE

My heart yearns for the love that sings  
Deep in the very nature of things;  
My soul ever longs for the wings  
To fly upon the waves of God's love  
To drink at His pure fountain above  
In the knowledge of the surest love.

Away from the noise of the battle's rage,  
Away from the strife of life's misty page,  
Away from the fool who talks like a sage,  
I would explore the depths of things;  
To seek the love crushed by cruel kings,  
And to find a vibrant voice that sings

Of the world's great injustice and wrong;  
To know why this voice changes to a song  
Of triumph of the fast-moving throng.  
I would know the love in the heart of one  
Who toils beneath the burning sun,  
And the soldier who moves with battle won.

I would know the love beneath the wrong,  
I would know the love of those not strong—  
The love that bears the struggle without a song.  
I would know the love of laughter and jest,  
The love of all life that moves the best,  
The love that rises from the burning test.

My heart yearns for the love that sings  
Deep in the very nature of things;  
My soul ever longs for the wings  
To fly upon the waves of God's love  
To drink at His pure fountain above  
In the knowledge of the surest love.

7-22-18

## MEN

There are men who talk, talk,  
There are men who pray;  
There are men who walk, walk,  
There are men who run away  
To live another day.

There are men who cheat, cheat,  
There are men who steal;  
There are men who are neat, neat,  
There are men who feel  
No honor in being leal.

There are men who preach, preach,  
There are men who strive;  
There are men who teach, teach,  
There are men who thrive  
Working for all the hive.

There are men who plead, plead,  
There are men who seek;  
There are men who read, read,  
There are men who are meek  
Victims of those who reek.

There are men who work, work,  
There are men who win;  
There are men who shirk, shirk,  
There are men who begin  
With the blowing whin.

There are men who soar, soar,  
There are men of revision;  
There are men more and more,  
There are men of decision  
Who follow the vision.

There are men who boast, boast,  
There are men who brag;  
There are men who toast, toast,  
There are men who drag  
Others into war a-gag.

There are men who fight, fight,  
There are men who fear;  
There are men of might, might,  
There are men who come near  
Ruling the old sphere.

There are men who travel, travel,  
There are men who roam;  
There are men who unravel, unravel,  
There are men far from home  
Lashed by the stormy foam.

There are men who are men, men,  
There are men like gods;  
There are men who then, then,  
Perform with glowing rods  
Miracles like the gods.

## MISUNDERSTOOD

I walk thru the Narrows,  
Where once flew Indian arrows,  
And pluck many lovely flowers  
To carry away to quiet bowers.  
I behold the mountain, battle-won,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,  
And stand in wonder before its beauty.  
I am misunderstood—a sacred duty.

I go with a true friend to rest  
Where this mountain rises to the crest.  
We sit above a flowing fountain  
On the protruding shelf of cliff-mountain  
Overlooking a hollow-shaded valley.  
We assemble our books for a rally  
With the poets of a former time.  
We are misunderstood—an awful crime.

I help the weary woman with her load  
And plow for the tired boy by the road;  
I would aid the girl toiling in the sun  
And hurry to save the drowning one;  
I speak a word to cheer the weak  
And ever shun the pretending-meek;  
I hail the despairing man in the street.  
I am misunderstood—it's not meet.

Sometimes I don't go to church on Sunday  
And fail to pay my bills on Monday;  
I seldom read to family members  
And smoke my pipe lit with embers;  
In the Spring I fish in the clear stream  
And come home with fish, a-beam  
With what rare joy and gladness!  
I am misunderstood—it's all madness.

Are you a searcher for hidden beauty  
And the happiness that is free of duty?  
Are you a lover of the lowly of the race  
And all those who cannot move with the pace?  
Do you admire all nature, too,  
And to yourself ever try to be true?  
Then up and dare and do for all!  
Misunderstood—I hear the chorus fall.

4-2-18

## THE UNION OF SYMPATHY AND SKILL

Miss Sympathy walks down a path, not forlorn,  
In a beautiful park on a bright May morn.  
Her flaxen hair, blue eyes, and trim form  
Are in keeping with the sweet expression on her face—  
no scorn.

She is in love with all life, bird, flower and tree.  
It is a glad Spring. The birds chatter free.  
One birdie has fallen from its nest and injured its  
wing;

She lifts it gently, the poor helpless thing,  
To place it again in the nest.

Mr. Skill comes into the park, to rest  
From strenuous labor, from the opposite side.  
He leisurely walks up the path wide.  
His dark hair shades a firm but serious face,  
And in his keen black eyes there is a trace  
Of genius plainly written there.

His neat, slender form completes the man fair.  
He admires the symmetry of walk,  
Flower-bed, tree-group, and winding chalk

Of the path up the hill. He comes  
To where Miss Sympathy is trying, like one who runs,  
To adjust the birdie in the nest;  
But the nest has been pushed aside with zest  
And won't hold the birdie. Mr. Skill bows,

And, after requesting if he may aid her, vows  
He can safely adjust the nest on the bough.  
While she wonders how,  
He adjusts the nest to its former position,  
Wherein she places the birdie—a transition  
From pain and distress to security and rest.  
Then, after introducing himself, thinking it best,

He departs to meet her afterwards in the same park.  
There grew between them love—a spark,  
And then this spark became a flame,  
Thru which Miss Sympathy changed her name.  
As time went on, years a few,  
There was born to them a lusty girl, so true,  
In whom Sympathy and Skill  
Were united with a will.  
She grew to womanhood in due time  
And took upon herself the vows of a nurse betime,  
And it has been said, and said so true,  
That no one had a touch more tender for you,  
And an eye and a hand with greater skill,  
Than this fair woman, yet woman still;  
But I have a guess that the angels know  
She is one of them in her work here below.

2-21-21

## MY MUSE

My Muse is ever a rhymester,  
Choosing his place as a timester  
Who will jingle along fine, Sir,  
If the mere jingle is the thing.  
He will perch himself aswing  
The bough, and promise to wing

His way to heights of the blue,  
Like the lark that bids adieu  
To earth in early morning's dew  
To rise to the heights unknown,  
Singing a sweet song all his own.  
But my Muse has never been known

To keep his promise, to me dear,  
For he ever makes a start, I fear,  
To be dashed to earth again near.  
But this he will always do,  
Regain the same bough anew  
To try other directions a few.

Yet, my dear Muse, you do fail;  
Before these promises I do quail,  
And consider them of little avail.  
If you wish to keep my trust,  
Perform the good deed at a thrust,  
And abide with me as you must.

Then, if this be denied me,  
Remain forever in thy lone tree  
Where thou canst, in time, see  
Thou 'tempt'st the impossible, Sir,  
In the world of glad song astir  
With the energy of genius awhir.

7-I-18

## THE IMAGE

Thou grave Image of old,  
    What stories hast thou to tell  
    Of kingdoms which rose and fell  
In the long centuries before the age of gold?

What dost thou know of the kings  
    Who ruled these kingdoms by the sea?  
    Did they ascribe their right to thee,  
Or to the power that from a selfish nature springs?

Speak, thou grave Image, speak!  
    I would know the secrets of the ages  
    From thine own lips—secrets of the sages  
Who molded the thought of the high, the low, the  
    meek.

In thy hollow eyes and lofty mien  
    I read the record of thy nobility:  
    Thou art surely a god of great fidelity,  
For whom the sacred fires flashed in the silvery  
    sheen.

What mother in humble prayer to thee  
    Bowed the knee to ask thy blessing?  
    What child to worship thee caressing  
Was taught to lisp a prayer, a prayer from the  
    heart to thee?

What father went in thy name  
    To war against the neighboring tribes  
    And brought back trophies as bribes  
To win for himself in the native assemblies great  
    fame?

What tiller of the soil  
    Laid the fruits of his labor at thy feet,  
    And besought thee imploringly to meet  
His expectations with a bounteous harvest for  
    his moil?

What tradesman bartered his wares  
    In the open marts of trade or hall?  
    Did he ascribe to thee all?  
Or did he keep from the sale of his wares all as  
    fares?

What hunter went forth to the chase,  
    Armed with confidence in thy name,  
    To bring back to his worthy dame  
The wild boar, or the other great monsters of his  
    race?

What artist didst thou inspire  
    With a vision of the flame divine,  
    Which caused him to confine  
His efforts on the walls of hut or cave to thy de-  
    sire?

What man defied thee there  
And refused to believe in thy power?  
Did he go to the reckoning hour  
Mistrusted, berated, and on his lips no prayer?

Didst thou know of Montezuma and his gold,  
And how wonderfully he reigned  
Before the coming of those who feigned  
Righteousness, while all the time they sought  
nothing but gold?

Didst thou know of Cortez, the bold,  
Who laid waste a fair and happy land,  
And forced his conquering gold-mad band  
To plunder the ruler of his government, houses,  
and gold?

Thy secret thou wilt not give?  
Let me see: Wast thou not the hope  
Of men long before the coming of the Pope?  
And wast thou not the inspiration of all who live?

Then count not thy religion vain,  
For in the cycles of the ages as they go  
Is it not of the greatest good for the race to  
know  
That all life is real and not something we feign?

5-9-16

## WONDER AND BEAUTY ABOUT ME

All about me is the wonder  
And beauty to the fill;  
I am companion of the thunder .  
And lightning by the rill.

I am in the beauty of the morn  
As free as free can be;  
I grow with the growing corn  
In the expectancy that be.

I wing with the bee that sips  
The nectar from the flower;  
And plough the waves with ships  
That go to their destined hour.

I stand at attention with the deer  
At slightest quiver or sound;  
And wave with rippling wheat near  
To feel the quail on the ground.

I rise with the lark that sings  
To his heart a sweet song;  
And go with the dead that wings  
His way to a world without wrong.

I am the growing child the while  
To feel the pulse of life anew;  
And ever march with the long file  
To Destiny's eternal due.

I am in love with all life,  
Life is in love with me;  
I move with all this beauty rife  
To a destiny sure as can be.

7-17-18

## CONTENTMENT

You feel resentment  
Toward contentment  
When all the world,  
In its mad whirl,  
Is seeking her  
In every place astir.  
And rightly so—  
Not there, you know.

But look afield  
For the scenic yield;  
Or walk by the stream  
With thoughts a-dream;

Or behold the peak  
That to me must speak;  
Or read in the fountain  
The wonders of the mountain.

On a fair May day,  
Not very far away,  
Sitting there unseen  
By the quiet stream,  
Watching sunbeam  
Chase sunbeam  
Up the still line  
You fish with fine.

Lying at ease,  
Yourself to please,  
In the open wood,  
Where shadows good  
Sport and play,  
And the sun all day  
Shines thru from aloof  
The forest roof.

Look in the fountain  
Imaging the mountain,  
Where the shade,  
That knows no trade,  
Darkens the ground  
Far around,  
And where green moss  
Is proof against loss.

On mountain peak,  
With nothing to seek  
But the view afar  
Of valley, hill and spar,  
Where hill on hill  
Is piled, till  
Mountains rise high  
To meet the very sky.

Reading the song,  
That knows no wrong,  
Of your favorite writer  
When the day is brighter  
Far less than noon;  
Then all too soon  
The time goes by  
With no thought of why.

Join the throng  
With the sweet song  
Of fine contentment,  
And feel no resentment,  
If, in the silent eve,  
Yourself to please,  
You seek a quiet place,  
The stars to trace.

5-4-18

## THE BEE

How doth the bee distill  
The honey from the flower?  
How doth he get the will  
To employ moments of the hour?

Who taught him the sure way  
To gather sweets everywhere?  
Where doth he get his pay  
For the time he employs there?

O poor me! How can I tell?  
Could I the secret unfurl,  
Life in me would be a well  
Of goodness overflowing the world.

And men would forget their woe  
In a new brotherhood of the race;  
And would forever forget the foe  
In a world-loving embrace.

All life then would be sweet  
As the honey from the dew;  
And the faults of men would melt  
Into ether of the rainbow's hue.

The bee! The lesson he teaches  
To the yearning sons of men!  
What to them would be the reaches  
Of the peaks of song sung then?

HALT! IN YOUR MAD RUSH  
FOR WEALTH

Halt! Your mad rush  
For the gold of the hills  
Would make the gods blush  
For shame of your ills.

Halt! Your sheer madness  
To seek the wealth of valleys  
May bring you in sadness  
To sweep our alleys.

Halt! Your gay dance  
For mere pleasure only  
May lead you to no chance  
To keep from being lonely.

Far greater is the wealth  
Of beauty in rose or peak,  
Far greater the wealth of health,  
Of which I speak.

## SEEMING INEQUALITY OF THINGS

I buy the things I never get,  
Heaps of books not sold;  
I try forever to forget  
Life's sordid things so cold.

I hope for what I never reach,  
To sing a glad new song;  
I long for that sure strength of speech  
That builds a house gone wrong.

I pine for what I've never known,  
The love that kindles a flame  
Of high resolve, unfolding its own  
Soul to enduring fame.

The slaves of men ride for their health  
With fair princes of song;  
The knaves of the world hide their wealth  
Purloined from the mad throng.

Where is the equality of all men  
In the sight of a just God?  
Where is the Divine Sequel then  
Of the riddle of the rod?

I pray for the freedom of men,  
The brotherhood of the race;  
A still small voice speaks to me then—  
"It's all found in the mad race."

## THE BOOKSELLER'S WARES

What does the Bookseller sell me  
In the book of poems I buy?  
What does the Bookseller tell me  
When I ask the price for the buy?

Does he sell me what he bought  
That he a fine profit may make?  
Or does he tell me that I ought  
To hand over a two-dollar stake?

He makes a profit from his wares,  
Or else he would assur'dly fail;  
But he, too, has a load of cares  
In heaps of books without a sale.

He says truly it's worth the money,  
And far more than the mere cost;  
That, in its pages, I'll find song's honey,  
And time spent there will not be lost.

Then he sells me hours of glad leisure,  
Moments of happiness the more;  
He sells me a whole mine of treasure,  
All pure gold to the core.

He ever sells me rare new visions  
In subtle, suggestive song;  
He sells me strong resolute decisions  
To wage unceasing war 'gainst wrong.

He sells me enrichment of soul,  
And fairer fruits of the mind,  
That aid me to comprehend the whole  
In relation to this narrow field of mine.

His profit? Much less than mine,  
And surely it must ever be;  
For what I obtain from the mine  
He only guessed when he bargained with me.

10-27-18

## THE ROBIN

The robin piped;  
Nature stirred  
Without a word.  
The earth was covered  
With a carpet of green  
At the call of the bird.

The trees budded,  
Leaves came,  
Flowers bloomed;  
A flood of golden light  
Came out of the night  
With the bird groom'd.

6-16

## THE HILLOCK'S STORY

All stony the little hillock lies  
Wrapt in the weeds of many a day;  
All smiling the happy valley tries  
To supply the wants of man for aye.

All faded is the flowers' bloom  
Which makes itself just barely seen,  
In struggling long for place and room  
Among the weeds so pale with green.

All golden the faithful vale now shines,  
In the morning sun, with waving wheat;  
Transformed is soul of hill betimes  
Which here now finds his safe retreat.

Like a merry trav'ler, who now sails  
On life's far tides, in calm, anent  
The fairy isles, he happy sails  
To the fairer vales of his content.

Do I now hear the Master say:  
"For unto ev'ry one that hath,  
(And hath done striven in the way),  
Shall be given (in the aftermath);

But from him that hath (it) not,  
(And hath not striven in the way),  
Even that which he hath (now got)  
Shall be (forever) taken away?"

## UNIVERSES

There's the universe of the sea  
    With its lion and clam;  
There's the universe of the land  
    With its beetle and man;  
There's the universe of the air  
    With its eagle and bee;  
There's the universe of God  
    With the Savior and me.

7-17-18

VI.

# QUATRAINS



## EXPECTANCY

O Expectancy! What a gem thou art  
Set among the rough stones of reality!  
To me thou art ever a part  
Of that vague thing men call finality.

6-14-18

## MIRACLES

How events crowd into an hour  
For the making of a nation!  
How God works in power  
For the saving of creation!

7-17-18

## DEATH AND LIFE

Death is a transition  
Of position;  
Life is the position  
In transition.

## MEN AND HOPE

Hope flares up to stay  
In the hearts of men, I wis;  
Will you tell me, pray,  
What men are without this?

## THE DIVINE URGE

Springs up in man the divine urge  
To overcome his narrow fate;  
Like swelling ocean's greatest surge,  
A law of nature to compensate.

12-10-20

## MIRRORED IS THE WORLD

Mirrored is all the world  
In the fountain from which I drink;  
Continue men to whirl  
Thru the small world in which I think.

12-10-20

VII.

SONNETS



## HIGHLANDER TO HIGHLANDER

Hark, the sound of the bugle  
O'er the stretch of unfolding centuries!  
Onward sweeps the sound thru the valleys  
And echoes from mountain side and cove.  
Rise up, ye noble Highlanders, and hear  
The call of your brothers across the sea:  
"Release your lyric Muse, and pour forth  
In heroic strains, as in the days of old,  
The stories of your griefs and agonies of soul;  
The tales of your courage, patience and faith,  
In your wanderings and triumphs  
Of these mighty four hundred years.  
Hark back to Scott with his noble, romantic lines,  
And to the royal Burns with more musical rhymes."

11-7-15

## THE TEACHER

Who says the teacher teaches only for pelf  
In this the greatest work of the hour?  
It is he who is blind to the teacher's real self  
And has not fathomed his wonderful power.  
Far nobler is his well-wrought art,  
Far nobler the calling in which he plays his part.  
He becomes the foundation stone of a mightier state,  
The true builder of the brotherhood of the race;  
He declares all wars to be of an evil fate  
And toward the dawn of final peace will ever face.  
He builds in the minds of men the lofty dream  
That will lay foundations for empires of the soul;  
He creates new desires in men that seem  
To make them strive in a much larger role.

6-25-15

## AMERICA

In the world's wide space  
Between two mighty oceans,  
Where the new continent broadens  
As broadens the soul of man,  
And where, not by accident but by fate,  
The timely discovery was made  
By the world's most dauntless heroes,  
There looms on the horizon of the New World  
A NEW COUNTRY—a country that means  
“Opportunity”  
To the daring, yearning soul  
Seeking freedom and those who are free.  
Blessed freedom! Thrice blessed the free!  
In a country where the minds and souls of men  
broaden  
Like the mighty expanse of the immaculate sea.

5-15-16

## THE VISION

Lord, in this whirlwind hour,  
When rebellion shakes the world,  
Making Right submissive to the power of Might,  
And the fearful storms continue to whirl  
The world's masses into the darkness of night,  
Give us a great vision of thy sacred creed.  
Help us to free ourselves from this fight  
Of crime, arrogance, selfishness and greed!  
Help us to see this war's awful horror  
In the true light of the peace of to-morrow.  
Give us a vision of these fighting millions  
With the stories their lives have to tell;  
Give us a vision of worlds beyond our ken,  
Give us a vision of how to live among men.

3-30-16

## THE SOUL

“Truly there are centuries in which the soul lies dormant and slumbers undisturbed.”—*Maeterlinck*.

Out of the chaos of things—  
Darkness, mystery, discordant elements,  
Waters, land, and creeping things,—  
Out of the whirlpool of teeming life  
Came a wandering embryo soul.  
Thru ten million-million forms it passed,  
Grew and changed, changed and ever grew,  
Till Destiny, armed with a mighty purpose,  
Lodged it in the body of a little child.  
And separated from its spiritual universe,  
Here it lay dormant for a time,  
Till one day it took possession of this body  
And went forth to hear the music of the Spheres  
And see the glory of a New Heaven and a New Earth.

12-17-16

TO R. C. H.

Come, my friends, with me today,  
And let us seek a quiet place away  
From the toil of those who fret and sigh,—  
On the crest of yonder mountain high,  
Where columbine casts a beauty about our feet  
And a flash comes from ev'ry red bird we meet.  
Let us look away to distant peaks that rise  
To greet the morning star, looking wise;  
And, still beyond, let our imaginations sweep  
To other worlds which the laws of nature keep.  
Let our souls ever commune, and in unison be,  
As when we first met, and you opened to me  
The vast Elysian Fields of Literature  
And bade my life ascend there and be secure.

6-7-18

## THE MOUNTAINS

### I

Behold the mountain's lofty summit wrapt in the mists  
of the early morning—  
The shifting, flying mists that are seeking its cavernous  
recesses as retreats;  
The lightning's quick flash on flash follows in rapid  
succession; the warning  
Peals of thunder reverberate along the mountain's  
sides, and, rolling on, repeats  
Itself-with such volume as to astonish the beholder  
crouched beneath its crest—  
He, the searcher for beauty or hidden treasure, of an  
age forgotten long ago.  
The storm rages, the rain comes down in torrents  
around the beholder at rest,  
And all the waters of a thousand rills leap over crags to  
the valley below.  
A change: The rain ceases, and the mists begin to lift  
and fly away;  
The world of trees look refreshed and the movement  
shows rejoicing in every tree;  
The rugged cliffs loom thru the green verdure as if for  
an age and not a day;

And the chirrup of a bird may be heard as the man  
shakes himself of his shelter free.  
The resplendent sun pours a flood of beams upon the  
bewitching scene,  
And the mountain, as beautiful as Mount Ida of old,  
is crowned Queen Irene.

7-4-15

## II

The mountain rears his form  
To struggle with the storm.  
Blow storm! Blow! And roar  
Down the gorges the more;  
Lift spray from rushing stream  
Like hurr'ing steeds in dream;  
Whirl the leaves in the air,  
Bring down trees everywhere;  
Smite the cliffs in the face,  
Keep up the wild mad race.  
And when all has been done,  
Ye storms, ye have not won!  
The hero's robe ye tore;  
Ye gods, he won once more.

12-9-20

### III

My heart leaps with the rills  
Of far-famed hills;  
Trips thru meadows a-dream  
By silver stream,  
To fair isles of Content,  
Where boats, anent  
These isles, sail at their ease  
On placid seas.  
Then swing upon the breeze  
Thru balmy trees,  
Or float upon the waves  
Past quiet caves  
To pure enchanted place—  
Rest from mad race.

I-10-21

### IV

Leap up, ye hills! Ye hills!  
I know there are no ills  
Where thy purest fountains  
Come from wildest mountains;  
Where thy glad rushing streams  
Carry most vivid dreams;  
Where the deep-sounding caves  
Hide beside roaring waves;

Where the gentle dews of the morn  
Awake to sure toot of the horn;  
Where rises in superb outline,  
On the horizon's wavy line,  
The figure of lusty youth  
Who breathes in the very soul of truth.

I-15-21

### A-DREAM AT THE PLOW

A-dream at the plow.  
Yet we wonder how  
Ambition can surge at the heart of youth  
With so great an urge to know the truth  
That the universe of action swings into his ken,  
And this vision comes to him then:  
Of the hero carrying the flag thru the storm,  
Of the orator swaying the multitude for reform,  
Of the statesman standing at the helm of the nation,  
And of the lowly Savior pleading for all creation.  
He is hero, orator, statesman, Savior all in one,  
Advancing the cause of humanity till it is won.  
The plow jostles him, and he is called from his dream  
To what things are, and not what they seem.

7-14-18

## THE CALL OF THE WOODS

I hear the call of the woods today.  
I must up and away  
While the urge is upon me.  
I go. I lean against the big oak tree  
And hear the whisper of the Dryad  
Who has revealed himself to myriad  
Songsters from Chaucer to Noe.  
“Hasten,” said the Dryad, “for you must know  
The woods is alive with the spirit that quickens;  
And where the broad forest thickens,  
Just beyond, there the Dryads dance  
To welcome thee, wishing only the chance  
To greet him who beauty see  
In leaf and flower and tree.”

6-15-18

## THE OLD APPLE TREE

Just beside the forest great,  
Close to a path traveled a generation ago,  
Stands the old apple tree to wait  
The final summons to go.  
Amid a new grown forest, with vines  
Entwined about his stooping form,  
He ever clings to life, but pines  
For the good old days that are gone.  
Like an old man who has spent  
His allotted time in service true,  
With the ranks of his generation rent  
By death, in a generation that is new,  
He holds to life that to him is dear  
And approaches the end without fear.

6-14-18

## THE SEVEN SISTERS

NOBLE SISTERS, art thou seven?  
Or hast one gone down to thy heaven  
To mingle with the dust of the ages  
As did the pyramids of the Nile—the sages  
Of Egyptian civilization erstwhile?  
Hast she gone to enrich thy Nile?  
Rearing thy rugged forms toward the sun,  
Like the famous Pillars of Hercules, one by one,  
Thou dost ever repose here, crowned  
With the gorgeous beauty of the hills, and renowned  
Alike for wealth of mineral and foliage meet.  
Clear waters of a mountain river bathe thy feet,  
Paralleled by a modern commercial highway,  
Built by our Highland Hercules in a day.

5-31-18

## THE NARROWS

The trembling earth, a rumbling noise,  
Rocks crashing from a precipitous height,  
And, enveloped in a cloud of smoke,  
A mountain appears across the path  
Nature has set for the course of things.  
A thousand streams rush against this wall,  
And rise higher, higher, and yet higher,  
Till an angry lake sweeps from its crest  
Far, far away among distant peaks.  
Then a mighty struggle for the pass  
Between mountain and stream begins;  
But time allies itself with the stream—it wins.  
Now two mountain peaks look down,  
Thirteen hundred feet, on a peaceful river flowing be-  
tween.

4-2-18

## THE SCHOOL CHILD

"The best is hardly good enough,"  
Was said by our Kentucky sage;  
"The best is hardly good enough,"  
For the child of this or any age.  
The best schoolhouse money can buy,  
The best means of every kind;  
And the best teacher you can try  
For the training of the child's mind.  
The best parents that can be found  
For noble youth of our fair land;  
The best place that can them surround  
While they grow up under our hand.  
But, when all these are said and done,  
There is something yet due each one.

10-13-18

TO J. C. W.

Hail to thee! Our northern singer!  
Thou who art the bringer  
Of myth, and story, and glad song  
From out the seclusion of time grown long.  
Thou art the spirit of that fairest clime  
Released from hill, lake, stream and pine,  
And now walk in thy fairer dreams  
Thru Elysian Fields by lovely streams.  
This is thy soul-enchanted land,  
Where the touch of thy surer hand  
Makes real the beliefs of a race  
Swept aside in the long, mad pace  
By the onward sweep of a New Freedom  
That forgot the Old in a New Cree'dom.

9-20-20

## A TRUE BROTHERHOOD

Father and son at the hot noonday hour  
Step from the grasp of worldly power  
Down into the deep gorge by the stream,  
Beneath the dense rhododendron, to dream  
Away the tired feelings of the morning's hunt.  
They commune in a close companionship—a stunt  
That every father and son ought to perform—  
One that will bring about a mighty world reform.  
They toss aside their hats and fan the brow  
In a cooling breeze that seems to know how  
To lave the weary feelings of pilgrims here.  
They break the bread of life in a dear  
Brotherhood—one that summons to noblest good  
In a world of the fairest and best manhood.

I-15-21

## THE TOUCH OF GENTLE HANDS

In a kind of dream it seem  
Fairies come gliding into my room, abeam  
With sunny rays of gladness—  
A sure cure for this dreamy sadness.  
Unannounced they come,  
Bringing in their chubby hands some  
Flowers, in wreath all aglow,  
Set among glistening sprays of pure snow.  
Did they come from goddess-hands pure?  
Of this I am quite sure,  
For gentle hands borne up by fairy wings—  
Gentleness that only mother-hand brings—  
Were seen to place them on the table there  
And disappear, leaving my sick-room so fair.

2-20-21

## THE FLOWERS

The flowers! The flowers!  
How they while away the tedious hours!  
Their sweet perfume drifts about the room;  
Their blended colors are a visual boon.  
Tender hands have placed them there,  
Noble thoughts prompted the deed I'm aware,  
Pure hearts were back of it all,  
And friendships that come without call.  
You can never know the good you do—  
You who cheer the weary and the blue—  
For I have not the power to tell you  
How they touched and charmed me thru  
The severe trial of a year in a week  
And made my heart humble and meek.

2-21-21



VIII.

HUMOROUS POEM



## THE LITTLE BROWN PILL

Three boys, Joe, Tom and Bill,  
Of'n ranged from hill to hill,—  
Boys out for sport on leisure days,  
And found it in many comical ways.

One day they lolled on the green,  
(Joe was out for some fun, I ween).  
Said he to Tom and Bill,  
“Let's try a little brown pill.”

“You say you are at rest,  
Then I'll just put you to the test;  
My hat down on the spot,  
Now come on with yours on top.”

“Call it a dare if you say,—  
Anything to pass away the day.  
You don't hear, I believe,  
Then I'm ready to leave.”

“All right, we take the dare,  
Here goes to be fair,  
Our hats down we toss;  
It will all be your loss.”

"Now, Bill, you first," says Joe.  
Then Tom bursts out, "I say so."  
"Very well, here goes,"  
"Look out for your nose."

"Ha! You go yours well.  
Wait, mine begins to swell."  
There, well, don't amble,  
Bill has his a-scramble.

Bill Nye, Ward and Twain for fun,  
They are great as the stories run;  
But you have missed your mark,  
For here laughs continued till dark.

4-11-15

IX.

Poems of Ruth Maurine Fuson



## STARS, PLAY WITH ME

O stars! Come down and play with me;  
I am as lonely as can be.  
You look so gay and bright up there  
In your great big world so fair.

I can't come all the way up to you,  
Up in your world so blue;  
But you just drop down to me  
With all of your bright glee.

## WORK AND PLAY

Now to work and soon to play,  
We shall be busy all the day.  
Merry and happy at play or work,  
Our duties we never, never shirk.

## SPRING

Spring has indeed come at last;  
Winter has long ago passed.  
The birds are merry with song,  
Singing all the day long.  
The bright flowers bloom here and there,  
Sending their sweet perfume in the air.  
This good old world is very gay,  
Dressed in Spring's bright array.  
This is the glad wish we sing:  
"Long live our dear Queen Spring."

# INDEX



## INDEX TO TITLES

	Page
Adown the Woodland Way.....	97
A-dream at the Plow.....	178
America.....	171
Army on Parade, The.....	121
Autumn.....	89
Autumn Sun, The.....	91
Avenue of Trees, An.....	130
 Bee, The.....	155
Bookseller's Wares, The.....	158
Burdened Soul, The.....	12
Burnt Cabin, The.....	102
 Call of the Woods, The.....	179
Clump of Cedars, The.....	115
Contentment.....	152
Cumberland Gap.....	74
 Dandelion, The.....	133
Dandelion Again, The.....	106
Dead Knight, The.....	21
Death and Life.....	165
Divine Urge, The.....	166
 Expectancy.....	165

	Page
Fishermen, The.....	86
Flowers, The.....	187
Garden, The.....	84
Goal, The.....	131
Halt! In Your Mad Rush for Wealth.....	156
Hanging Rock, The.....	98
Highlander to Highlander.....	169
Hillock's Story, The.....	161
Hunt in Florida, The.....	94
Image, The.....	148
Just Forty-Two.....	119
Life.....	135
Little Brown Pill, The.....	191
Live While You Live.....	136
Lone Pine, The.....	104
Love.....	138
Mammoth Cave.....	125
Men.....	140
Men and Hope.....	166
Millpond, The.....	127
Miracles.....	165
Mirrored Is the World.....	166
Misunderstood.....	142

	Page
Mountains, The, I, II, III, IV . . . . .	175
My Muse . . . . .	146
Narrows, The . . . . .	182
Narrows Again, The . . . . .	80
October Day, An . . . . .	92
Old Apple Tree, The . . . . .	180
O Soul Divine . . . . .	11
Out of the Dark Valley . . . . .	29
Panama Canal, The . . . . .	82
Peace, Sweet Peace . . . . .	19
Pine Tree, The . . . . .	129
Pineville . . . . .	114
Pinnacle, The . . . . .	73
Rhododendron . . . . .	134
Robin, The . . . . .	160
School Child, The . . . . .	183
Seeming Inequality of Things . . . . .	157
Seven Sisters, The . . . . .	181
Soul, The . . . . .	173
Spirit of the Mob, The . . . . .	32
Spirit or Man-God . . . . .	23
Spring . . . . .	196
Spring in the Mountains . . . . .	112
Stars, Play with Me . . . . .	195
Swift's Silver Mine . . . . .	3

	Page
Teacher, The . . . . .	170
To J. C. W. . . . .	184
To R. C. H. . . . .	174
To Sue . . . . .	28
Touch of Gentle Hands, The . . . . .	186
Trailing Arbutus, The . . . . .	100
True Brotherhood, A . . . . .	185
Unconquerable Soul, The . . . . .	17
Union of Sympathy and Skill, The . . . . .	144
Universes . . . . .	162
Valley of the Brae, The . . . . .	39
Vision, The . . . . .	172
Whippoorwill, The . . . . .	110
Why these Poems . . . . .	Preface
Wonder and Beauty About Me . . . . .	151
Wonderful Tree, The . . . . .	26
Woodland, The . . . . .	108
Work and Play . . . . .	195











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